

THE NAPAN

VOL. XXIX. NO. 49.—JNO. POLLARD, PROP.

NAPANEE—FRIDAY

The Bankrupt Stock Syndicate

Jobbers in Dry Goods and Dealers in Bankrupt Stocks, Wholesale and Retail.

Canadian

ONTARIO.

Toronto---

Bay Street.

Kingston---

Princess Street.

Napanee.

Smith's Falls.

Sudbury.

Branches

QUEBEC.

Montreal---

St. Helen Street,

McGill Street,

St. Lawrence Street.

Sherbrooke.

Bedford.

Waterloo.

Freighsburg.

NAPANEE BRANCH---201 and 203 Dundas street.

F. MCL. RADFORD

Manager.

The Largest Stock Dealers and Jobbers in Canada.

D'EROCHE & MADDEN,

Barristers,

Attorneys-at-Law, Collectors, in Chancery, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc.

Office—Grange block.

Money to loan at "lower than the lowest" rates

H. M. D'EROCHE, Q. C. 5.1. J. A. MADDEN.

MORDEN & WILSON,

Barristers,

Solicitors of the Supreme Court of Ontario, Conveyancers, etc!

L. MORDEN, W. G. WILSON,
County Crown Attorney. 6.1. by

HERRINGTON & WARNER,

Barristers, etc.

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATES

M. C. BOGART,

Real Estate Agent

For parties desiring to

SELL, PURCHASE, LEASE OR RENT Farms or Town Property. Several good farms and town residences for sale or to rent very reasonably.

FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE Agent for Stock and Mutual Fire Insurance Cos. Crops insured at cheap rates for short terms.

Agent for MANUFACTURER'S LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO. Y Capitalized at \$2,000,000.

THE MODIFIED LIFE INSURANCE plan 25 to 40 per cent. lower than any life rates offered by any company. Especially adapted to Farmers and Mechanics. Life Annuities sold. A liberal commission allowed local agents.

LOANS NEGOTIATED AND CONVEYANCING.

Estates managed and properties looked after. Toronto city property exchanged for improved farms.

DOMESTIC AND AGRICULTURAL LABOR BUREAU.

Appraiser for the

G RATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

Breakfast.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast table with a most delicately flavoured drink, which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of certain articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping our self well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by Grocer, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

Strayed Sheep.

EXECUTORS NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of Charles Henry Wartman, late of the Township of Lennox and Addington, who died on or about the 26th day of October, 1890.

Pursuant to the provisions of Sec. 22, Chap. 110, B.S.O., 1897. Notice is hereby given that all creditors, including those having any lien or charge upon the estate of the said Charles Henry Wartman are required to send in the same to Charles Ward or Margaret A. Wartman, Executors of the last will and testament of the said deceased, on or before the 1st day of January, A.D. 1891, for payment which shall be distributed among the claimants in proportion to the amount of their securities if any held by them, after which date the executors aforesaid will distribute the estate among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to those claims of which they shall then have notice, and the said executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claim notice shall not have been received; and

All persons interested in the estate of the said Charles Henry Wartman are hereby notified that all outstanding accounts must be paid at once and payment may be made to any of the aforesaid executors.

The said executors hereby offer for sale, under and in pursuance of the directions in the will of the said Charles Henry Wartman, the valuable mill privilege, planing mill and machinery there-in owned and occupied by the deceased and situated in the Village of Colebrook, in the County of Lennox and Addington. Intending purchasers may receive full information upon enquiring of the executors or of

HERRINGTON & WARNER,
Executors Solicitors.

Napanee, November 1st, 1890

MORTGAGE SALE

OF
Valuable Town Property.

To be sold by Public Auction in pursuance of the Power of Sale contained in a certain Mortgage held by the Vendor, which will be produced at the time of Sale on

Saturday, Dec. 6, 1890

at two o'clock p.m., at the COURT HOUSE, in the Town of Napanee, in the Township of Lennox and Addington, Province of Ontario, and being bounded by Lots Nos. 4, 44, 47 and 48 of Cartwrightville, as per plan and survey made by Thomas Hughes, P.L.S., and filed in the Registry Office of the County of Lennox and Addington, December 31st, 1889, containing one quarter of an acre being the same more or less.

Upon the premises there is erected a first-class two story stone dwelling house, a frame barn and all modern conveniences. The property is north opposite the East Ward Public School, Napanee. Terms of payment very liberal. Conditions of sale will be made known at the time of sale. For further particulars apply to

ROBERT McCAY, GIBSON & CLUTE,
Auctioneer. Vendor's Solicitors.

A UCTION SALE

OF
Valuable Farm Property,
In the Township of Ernestown in the County of Lennox and Addington.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain Mortgage (whereby the power therein contained to sell has become operative) executed by John Bate, and bearing date the 7th day of March, 1881, and registered in the Registry Office for the County of Lennox and Addington on the 7th day of March, 1881, in book B, number 4228, and which said mortgage will be produced at time of sale, notice is therefore hereby given that on

Friday, Dec. 12, 1890

At the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, at the Town Hall, in the Village of Bath, said mortgage will be foreclosed by virtue of the power of sale therein contained by the mortgaged premises and which are as follows: All and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises, situate lying and being in the Township of Ernestown, containing by approximation fifty acres, by the said Bate or less, being composed of or containing a quarter of Lot 28, in the First Concession of the said Township of Ernestown, excepting ten acres thereof lying on the east side of said quarter now owned by one John Bowen.

There are upon the premises a house and a barn.

This property is most favorably situated for farming, and is within half a mile of Ernestown Station on the G. T. Railway, and within four miles of the village of Bath.

TERMS.—The Vendor reserves the right to any bid. Twenty percent of the purchase money to be paid down on the day of sale to the vendor's solicitors. For the balance of the purchase money terms will be made known at the

Office—Walter Block, East St., Napanee, 5y

R. A. LEONARD, M.D., C.P.S.

Physician, Surgeon, etc.

Late House Surgeon of the Kingston General Hospital.

Office—in the Dawney residence, between Mr. Peacock's and the late residence of Dr. Clark, John street, Napanee.

CHAS. STEVENS,

Customs Broker

and Shipping Agent. Office, opposite Campbell House, two doors west Merchants Bank, Napanee. Parties having shipments to any point in the United States will find it to their interest to write or call on me. Enquiries by mail propitiously answered. N.B.—Type-writing executed without charge and despatch.

179

F. X. BEZO,

MANUFACTURER OF

TENTS AWNINGS, HAMMOCKS, WATERPROOF HOUSE AND WAGON COVERS, BOAT SAILS, ETC.

ty SOUTH NAPANEE.

M AIR'S

Machine Shop,

Corner Adelaide & Bridge-sts., Napanee

Steam Engines and all kinds of Boilers made to order. Also all kinds of machinery repaired or the shortest notice.

THE SUN

Life Assurance Co'y.

Head Office, Montreal.

Annual Income, \$56,043; Assets, \$2,273,322.72

Life Assurance in force, \$13,337,983.8

JAS. LITTLE, Belleville, General Agent.

ALF. KNIGHT, Local Ag't, Napanee.

REMOVED.

"Phil" Vanalstine

has removed his barber shop from the Tichborne house to the place on John street, formerly used as a Custom House, two doors north of Grange's drug store. A room, entirely separate from the barber shop, has been fitted up, where ladies' hair dressing and shampooing will be done every Monday and Friday afternoon.

JAMES AYLSWORTH,

Clerk, 7th Division Court,

(County of Lennox and Addington.)

ISSUE OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,
CONVEYANCER,
COMMISSIONER, ETC., IN H.C.J.,
insurance, Money Lending and General Business Agent.

TAMWORTH, ONT.

Noted for promptness and reliability.—Patronage solicited.

N. A. CATON,

AGENT FOR THE COUNTY OF LENNOX AND ADDINGTON FOR THE

North American Life Assurance Co.,
Canadian Accident Assurance Co.

A full line of Fire Insurance Companies. Rates and full particulars on application. Office in Cartwright block, Napanee.

ECONOMICAL

Collecting Agency,

E. A. CONNOLLY. MANAGER.

ACCOUNTS OR NOTES BOUGHT OR COLLECTED

TERMS EASY. RETURNS PROMPT.

If you have some bad debts or debts that are troublesome to collect, give them to E. A. Connolly, who is making a specialty of that kind of work. He and you will get some satisfaction out of what is now very un-satisfactory business. He has already collected over \$2,000 of doubtful debts for good firms to whom a reference can be given.

E. A. CONNOLLY,

February, 1890. 10 Warner block, Napanee

MONEY TO LOAN.

I am prepared to lend money in sums of \$10 and upwards on the security of first mortgage Farm and Town Property.

At 6% & 7 PER CENT. STRAIGHT.

No fines nor commission paid by borrowers, also prepared to buy or sell promissory notes of undoubted security.

Insurance policies wanted on nearly all classes of property in first-class Stock Companies at bottom prices. First-class farm and isolated property insured at 7% per \$100 for 3 years.

Correspondence solicited.

T. G. DAVIS,

WESTERN CANADA LOAN AND SAVINGS CO.Y

for Lennox and Addington.

Private money loaned on application.

Office opposite Dominion Bank, John street.

M. G. BOGART,

37cm. INSURANCE AND LOAN AGENT.

SALESMEN

Wanted.

Having done business in Canada for the last 30 years, our reputation and responsibility is well-known. We pay salary and expenses from the start, if everything is satisfactory. No previous experience required. Write for terms, which are very liberal, before engaging with any other firm.

REPERENCES.—Bradtstreet's or Dun & Bradstreet's Commercial Agencies, well-known to business men in Standard Bank, Coborne, Ont.

CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY,
Nurseryman,
47d, Cullionne, Ont.

NOTICE.

A Red Roan Mare

about 15 hands high, with tail clipped, was put in pound with me on the 17th day of October. Owner is requested to prove property, pay costs, and remove same.

J. F. LASHER,

Poundkeeper,

Lot 10, Con. 2, Camden.

MORTGAGE SALE

—OF—

Valuable Town Property.

To be sold by Public Auction in pursuance of the Power of Sale contained in a certain Mortgage held by the Vendor, which will be produced at the time of sale.

Saturday, November 15, 1890

at two o'clock p.m., at the CAMPBELL HOUSE in the TOWN OF NAPANEE, the following real estate, that is to say: All and singular those certain parcels or tracts of land and premises situated, lying and being in the Town of Napanee in the County of Lennox and Addington, and otherwise known as follows that is to say: Commencing 23 feet south from the south branch of the Napanee river in the rear of a corner lot lately owned by Garrett Miller and now owned by Thomas Scott and Isaac Jennings and occupied by a stone blacksmith shop there running in an easterly course 2 rods, 14 inches along the south side of the road given and situated east by Thomas Madden for the corner of Earl and Main streets in the said village of Newburgh, then running northwesterly the same course of the Town line 4 rods and 6 feet, then southward 8 rods, 14 inches, then northwesterly 8 rods to the place of beginning. Upon this parcel is erected a frame dwelling house about 18x24 feet 12 st. reys high in fair state of repair.

Parcel No. 2—All and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises situate lying and being in the village of Newburgh, in the county of Lennox and Addington containing by measurement one-quarter of an acre be the same more or less being composed of part of lot number seventeen in the first concession of the Township of Camden in the said County of Lennox and Addington as described in Deed recorded bearing date the 30th day of September, A.D. 1854 made by one Garrett Miller to Garrett Miller and registered the 15th day of January, A.D. 1855 and being now known as village lot number one on the south-east corner of Earl and Main streets in the said village of Newburgh.

On this parcel is a stone blacksmith shop 2 storeys high and about 40x50 ft. s. The lower storey is used as a blacksmith shop and the second story as a wood shop. The said parcels will be sold subject to receive bids fixed by the Master.

Term of Sale—Ten per cent at the time of sale and the balance in a month thereafter without interest. In all other respects the terms and conditions of sale will be the standing conditions of sale of this Court.

For further particulars apply at the law office of Messrs. Deroche & Madden and Messrs. Mordecai & Wilson, Napanee.

Dated October 23rd, 1890.

ON the premises of J. G. Smith, lot 3 con. 4, Ernestown, two White Sheep. Owner will please prove property, pay expenses, and remove same.

For further particulars apply to, or to R. H. FINKLE, DEROCHE & MADDEN, Vendor's Solicitors, Auctioneer, Bath, Napanee. Dated November 8th, 1890.

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EE EXPRESS.

AY, NOVEMBER 7, 1890.

THANKSGIVING CHIMES.

HANKS to our God we pay,
Thanks for the year
Of love and cheer,
Of daily food,
Of constant good,
Thanks to our God this day.
Thanks to our God we pay
For morning light,
For noontide's sheen,
For quiet e'en,
For peaceful night,
Thanks to our God this day.

Thanks to our God we pay
For winter's snow,
For spring's soft flow,
For summer's glow,
For autumn's show,
Thanks to our God this day.
Thanks to our God we pay
For smile and tear,
For grief and cheer,
For gain, for loss,
For crown, for cross,
Thanks to our God this day.

HEN Herbert Russell arose on Thanksgiving morning and pushed aside the window curtains he wondered why he had come. It was no satisfaction after all. His disappointment began the night before when the train dropped him at the station and he rode to the hotel in a rattling, uncomfortable omnibus through streets ablaze with electric lights and lined with shops, the windows of which were filled with goods suited to the requirements of a factory town.

He knew that in the twenty years he had been absent the water power of the stream where he used to fish when a boy had been utilized, that mills had been built, and that the place had changed from a quiet village to a town of considerable importance; still he was not prepared for the magnitude of the transformation. There had been no railroad within ten miles when he went away, and he remembered as if it were yesterday the summer morning when he mounted the old stage, all his possessions in trunk strapped on behind, and all his money, a very small sum, in his pocket. He had started out with all the confidence of youth that the world could be conquered, and he had conquered it. He had been successful from the very outset, and now he was one of the solid merchants of the city where he had located. He was a favorite in society, and his luxurious bachelor apartments were the envy of all his associates. Still he did not feel that his life had been a success. It was empty. He was 42, and already little lines of white appeared in his dark hair, and yet he was alone in the world. In the struggle for fortune he had forgotten to seek for love and home.

It was in one of the hours of loneliness which came to him often now that he suddenly determined to spend Thanksgiving in his native town. He had no relatives left there, but at least the place would be familiar. It was not familiar, and he was disappointed. Only the outlines of the surrounding hills reminded him of his boyhood home.

It was a clear, frosty morning. Ice had formed on little puddles in the street, and the air was crisp and bracing. After breakfasting in the stuffy room of the hotel in company with a party of loud talking traveling men and a few "regular boarders" Herbert put on his overcoat and went out into the street. He wished to go first of all to the graveyard where his parents were buried. He wondered if he could find it among all these new surroundings.

As he walked along he saw here and there houses which he recognized—roomy, old fashioned farm houses which once had

him a feeling of superiority over those of his associates who were happily married. She was probably married herself now, and had forgotten him. It irritated him to think of it.

A church bell ringing for Thanksgiving service vibrated clear notes through the frosty air. It was the same old bell. Herbert could never forget its tone. The call was irresistible. Leaving the grave yard he retraced his steps to the church.

As an usher gave him a seat he noticed that the high, old fashioned pulpit had been replaced by a broad, open platform with a small reading desk, and although the pews appeared the same their doors had vanished. He remembered the click of the button and the feeling of imprisonment it gave him as his uncle closed the pew door and fastened it before service.

The congregation was gathering. There were many faces, those of new comers brought to the town by the mills, which revived no memories; but there were others, the sight of which made Herbert feel that he was living in a dream. One couple whom he remembered as lovers came up the aisle followed by a group of young people. He recognized the faces of father and mother at once, although twenty years had changed the slender youth to a portly family man and the bashful girl into a serene matron. Then came three sisters, stout and silvery haired, evidently old maids, all of them, although Herbert remembered them as belles of the village. He thought with a little thrill of triumph of the time when one of them had wounded his youthful pride by refusing to dance with him at a rustic merrymaking long ago because he was only a boy.

There were other faces which recalled many forgotten events of his boyhood—some of people he remembered in middle life, now grown aged, others of old school mates, serious now with the dignity of years. It was strange to think of them treading the quiet old paths all the long



THE FIRST FRIENDLY GREETING.

time which he had spent in the noise and bustle of the world. He wondered if he had grown as old as they. He could not realize it, and yet some of them looked at him as they passed up the aisle with the mild curiosity awakened by the sight of a stranger. He saw that no one recognized him, and he felt more lonely than before.

The pew in front of where he was sitting remained empty almost to the last. Then two ladies entered, followed by a stout, middle aged man and some young people, one of whom Herbert recognized as the lad who had directed him to the grave yard. He knew now why he had almost said, "Hello, Joe," for the stout man at the head of the pew, evidently the lad's father, was Joe Phillips, his old comrade. And, yes, one of the ladies was Margaret! Herbert could see only her side face, but that was enough. That clear cut profile was graven upon his memory like the profile of a Roman empress upon an antique gem, lasting for all time. She had grown older, but she did not look like an old maid, her girlish beauty had changed to that of a sweet maturity; there was not a fretful line on her placid face. The old lady was probably Joe's wife, but her face was not familiar. Joe had not married one of the village girls. Herbert wondered if Margaret was married, too. The fact that she was with her

\$1 per year in advance; \$1.50 if not so paid.

Margaret, and—forgive me."

"Herbert, there is nothing to forgive," she said, drawing away her hand. "My life has been very happy. I have never wished to change it. I do not wish to change it now, it is better as it is. You must not feel lonely or dreary. You have friends here who will always welcome you, who would have welcomed you before had you come."

She smiled as she spoke, and Herbert saw that his passionate words had made scarcely a ripple upon her heart. For the moment he felt as if he had been shipwrecked on a desert island, yet at the close of the evening, as he walked back to his hotel, he was whistled an old love song, and was in high good humor with himself and all the world. He was determined to work with all his heart and soul to win her.

It was a long and desperate struggle, but in the end Herbert gained a brilliant victory. There was a grand wedding at the old Phillips mansion on the next Thanksgiving day, and now Herbert insists that Margaret was waiting for him all those years, while she declared that she was not.

That is the only point upon which they do not agree.

The Glory of the Mince Pie.

Who can fully describe the glories of the mince pie of our grandmothers? We never have such snowstorms nowadays as we used to have when we were boys; the woods are never so brilliant as they were then; the fish never bite so quickly, and the chestnuts and shagbarks are never so fat and luscious as when we used to find them under the leaves. So, too, the mince pie of to-day is thin, flat and insipid and bears no resemblance to those which used to come out, smoking and fragrant, from the old brick oven. They needed no brandy "to make them keep." They were for the present use only. But it cannot be denied that the cider in the barrel in the shed was slightly lowered when a batch of pies was made ready for baking.

As for the pumpkin pies, what a rich golden color they had, so different from the sickly yellow of the modern marrowfat squash. How those pumpkins used to glow as they lay in the field ripening slowly in the late sunlight and growing sweeter with the early frost.—Boston Record.

No Doubt About It.



Head of Fum (the day before Thanksgiving)—Mr. Travers, I have ordered a turkey sent around to your home as a slight testimonial, etc.



Travers (at the table the next day)—Well, there's no question about its being slight.

CARVING THE TURKEY.

Boiled Turkey.—Unless you are prepared to give this your very best attention, cook it in some other way, as nothing is more quickly spoiled by carelessness than boiled fowl. Singe, draw, and truss a ten-pound turkey; put a piece of butter inside and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Put in a kettle with a carrot, an onion, two leeks, two stocks of celery, and some parsley; cover with boiling water, and simmer slowly for two hours—longer if the bird was an old one. Take from the kettle and keep covered and warm while you make an oyster sauce. Put a pint of strained oyster broth over the fire; in another saucepan melt a large tablespoonful of butter, and stir in two of flour until smooth; turn on the hot oyster liquor slowly, stirring the while; also a pint of the hot turkey broth. When smooth, add three dozen oysters, salt, pepper, a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and a gill of hot cream. This sauce scorches quickly, and can be made most safely in a double boiler. Mask the turkey with some of the sauce and send the rest to table in a boat.

Cauliflower au Gratin is a nice vegetable for the holiday table. Drain a large, well-cooked cauliflower, break into flowerets, and arrange on a baking dish, stalks down. Pour over a mixture made with a gill of bechamel or white sauce, four ounces of cheese grated (Parmesan is best), two ounces of butter, the beaten yolks of two eggs, and salt, pepper, and nutmeg at discretion. Stir this over the fire until well mixed and pour over the cauliflower so as to mask it entirely; smooth into a dome-shaped mound, and sprinkle with grated cheese and brown delicately in a quick oven.

Baked Potatoes in Cases also make a pretty dish. Bake potatoes of an equal size until done; cut a small piece from the side of each potato, scoop out the inside with a small spoon, mash well with butter, pepper and salt and a little cream; beat until very light, and fill the potato skins with the mixture, heaping it irregularly at the top. Set in the oven to color slightly.

THANKSGIVING, 1890.

Fountain of mercy, God of love,
How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons as they move
Proclaim Thy constant care.

When, in the bosom of the earth,
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The Spring's sweet influence was Thine,
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st resplendent suns to shine,
And mild, refreshing dew.

These varied mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A yellow Harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

Seed-time and Harvest, Lord, alone
Thou dost on man bestow;
Let him not then forget to own
From whom his blessings flow.

Fountain of love, our praise is Thine;
To Thee our songs we'll raise,
And all created nature join,
In sweet harmonious praise.

Only a Question of Time.



Mr. Bingo (viewing the table)—My dear, where did you get all these fine things for

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fashioned farm houses which once had stood among broad, open fields, but were now crowded in between modern cottages, the verandas and bay windows of which formed a striking contrast to the square, severe outlines of the older buildings. And there was the old village green. A neat iron fence surrounded it now, and it was laid out in walks edged with maples, their branches, bare of leaves, forming sharp silhouettes against the cold November sky.

On one of the grass plots a party of boys were playing ball. Herbert leaned on the fence to watch them. How many Thanksgiving games of ball he had had on that green in his boyhood days! He longed to seize a bat and enter into the sport "with the other youngsters," he said to himself, smiling grimly as he remembered his gray hairs. He looked around for the little church which once stood facing the green, where he had swung restless, boyish feet through many long sermons. There was a church there on the old spot. Herbert was sure it was the same building, for he recognized the narrow, round topped window in the belfry, but the high steps, which were so slippery in winter, had disappeared, and the entrance was level with the sidewalk; an addition had been built at one side; the building had been painted brown—it was white in the old days—and modernized in various ways.

The old grave yard was a half mile from the church. Herbert remembered that it was reached by a country road that branched off from the turnpike. The turnpike. The turnpike had become the main street of the town, and he noticed by the signs on the corners that it was now "Broadway." New streets crossed it in all directions, and the was at a loss which to take. A group of boys were standing near the fence watching the game.

"Will you kindly tell me which of these streets leads to the grave yard?" asked Herbert.

"The first to the right leads to the new cemetery, sir," said the tallest of the boys.

As the boy turned toward him, Herbert stopped and came near saying, "Hello, Joe!" but he checked himself, realizing that the lad could not even have been born when he left the town.

After explaining that the old grave yard was the object of his search, and receiving the correct information, he walked up the street. The houses grew more scattering as he approached the spot where the old inhabitants were sleeping, and as he passed between the two granite posts into the circle of somber fir trees which formed the entrance to the yard he began to feel at home. Twisted stalks of goldenrod and asters brushed his knees as he walked between rows of old gray stones carved with familiar names. Here and there a white marble slab bore the name of some one who had been in the full flush of life and health when he went away. He began to wonder if all those whom he had known were dead. Standing on a knoll near the center of the yard was the massive granite monument he had ordered erected over the graves of his parents. It looked pompous and pretentious to him now as he saw it in its peaceful, humble surroundings. He turned against it and strove to unite himself with his pre-ant. His parents he could not remember. They died when he was an infant, and he had been cared for by an uncle, kind in his way, as Herbert now thought of him, although he seemed stern and hard to the lonely orphan boy. As Herbert looked at the mound which marked the old man's resting place he felt a pang of remorse that he had not been more grateful for the home which sheltered his youth.

Suddenly his eye fell upon a marble slab, "Sacred to the memory of Stephen Phillips." So the proud old squire was gone! Herbert had always thought of him as living and ruling his family with despotic hand forever. He looked anxiously at the names upon the stones in the old squire's family group. Was Margaret, too, sleeping under the grass? With a sigh of relief he saw that her name was not there.

Margaret! Her face, rising up through the mist of years, had been before his eyes as he journeyed toward his native town.

How ridiculous it was! He laughed to think that a boyish fancy should come back to him. Still he knew he had never forgotten it. It was on Margaret's account that he darted out into the world. Her proud father frowned on him, and she was submissive to the old man's will. He never asked Margaret to be his wife, but he was sure when he left her that she understood him. He intended to go back and claim her when he had won riches to give him the right. The riches came sooner than he hoped, but he never went back. He wondered now why he had not done it. He had never seen a fair face that did not grow less fair as he compared it with Margaret. He had even cherished her memory—a secret grief, which at times gave

married, too. The fact that she was with her brother on Thanksgiving day meant nothing, for New England women always flock home for the family festival.

Herbert's first impulse was to lean forward and speak to Joe, but he did not do it. There was a fascination in sitting there unknown and watching the familiar faces. Then the lad glanced around and noticed the stranger of the morning. Herbert saw him whisper to his father, who looked carelessly over his shoulder. A sudden start, the light of recognition on the man's honest face, then an arm came over the back of the pew and Herbert's hand was seized with a hearty grasp. It was the first friendly greeting. It warmed his heart, and he felt like a boy home from school as he joined in singing the familiar Thanksgiving hymns.

After service there were hearty greetings characteristic of Thanksgiving morning in a Canadian country church. No one was absent, and everybody that had been away had come home—the son from the city, the young girl from boarding school, all gathering under the family roof tree on the day of festive reunion. Herbert was the center of a welcoming group of old friends, each of whom insisted upon bearing him off to share the family turkey. As greetings and invitations poured in upon him he could scarcely realize his desolation and loneliness only a few hours before.

Joe Phillips, however, insisted upon claiming him. He had been the first to recognize him, he said, and had the best right. With many promises to "look in" before he left town Herbert entered the family carriage with Joe, Joe's wife and Margaret, the young folks following on foot.

The town had grown out around the old Phillips mansion, but it was still a stately residence, standing in the midst of generous grounds, with the same majestic elms sweeping its roof. As Herbert walked up the path to the front door between trim rows of old fir trees the years since he stood there saying trembling farewell words to Margaret were crumpled up to nothing. He had discovered that she was Margaret Phillips still, and he wondered if she remembered that parting. He feared she did not, for she treated him with easy familiarity. He wished she would blush and look down when he spoke to her, as she did in the old days.

The fragrance of Thanksgiving greeted them as they entered the house. When the family were all seated around the loaded table Herbert, accustomed to the dainty courses of a city dining room, marvelled at the amount of turkey, chicken pie and boiled ham which was heaped upon his plate, to



"MARGARET, DO NOT SEND ME BACK."

gathered with every vegetable native to the soil. Somehow he ate it all with keen relish, and had appetite left for plum pudding and numerous pieces of pie. Mrs. Joe laughingly declared that a rule of the house on Thanksgiving day was that "everybody must taste of everything," and Herbert had no inclination to rebel. He wondered that he felt so much like a boy. There is nothing more contagious than the hearty cheer of a Thanksgiving dinner.

Herbert was impatient for a chance to talk with Margaret, but not until evening, when the young folks went to a party, and Joe and his wife were entertaining a neighbor, did he find himself alone with her, and then he did not know what to say. He was skillful in the art of making pretty compliments to women of society, but in the presence of this calm, beautiful woman he felt bashful and awkward as a youth of 20.

"Margaret, I have been a fool all my life!" he exclaimed suddenly.

"I am very sorry to hear it. Did you come back to the old place to confess it?" she said, laughing.

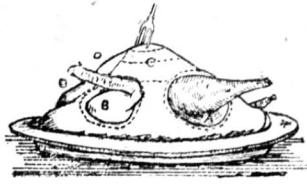
He grasped her hand, and all the pent up feelings of years, the struggles, the indifference at times, the loneliness always, the wish and the hope for the future, burst from his lips.

"Margaret, do not send me back to my lonely, dreary life. Help me to forget it,

CARVING THE TURKEY.

The Science of It—An Art Everybody Should Understand.

Thanksgiving brings in the turkey season, and every man, woman, boy and girl ought to know how to skillfully carve the bird after it is on the table. Few indeed there be who thoroughly understand the art of dissecting this noble fowl.



CARVING A TURKEY.

A skillful carver places the fork in the bird, and does not remove it until the whole is divided. The turkey having been relieved of strings and skewers used in trussing, should be placed on the table with the head on neck at the carver's left hand.

First insert the fork firmly as indicated in the figure, then remove the whole leg and thigh by a cut shown at a; next remove the wing by a cut, as at b, letting these parts lie on the platter. Then cut downward as many slices at the breast, the white meat, as may be desired (as shown in the lines at c); then make an opening into the cavity of the bird, hidden in the figure here given by the leg, for dipping out the inside dressing. Next separate the leg from the thigh or second joint. The side bone is removed by cutting down from above as shown at d. The wing gives one good cut, that nearest the tail; the other may be carved in the same manner as described. A keen blade is indispensable on this occasion.

RECIPES FOR THANKSGIVING.

Mock Turtle Soup fifty years ago always ushered in the Thanksgiving feast of the South. As it is one of the most nutritious and economical of soups, and one whose ingredients are at some time of the year within the reach of every farmer, we give the most approved method of making it. Scald and thoroughly scrupulously clean a calf's head; crack the skull, remove the brains and tongue whole, and soak all for an hour in salted cold water. Put all over the fire in a large soup kettle, with four quarts of cold water, some parsley, a bay leaf, several stalks of celery, half a good-sized carrot, one medium-sized turnip, two onions, six whole allspice, and as many peppercorns. Simmer slowly, and when the tongue is tender remove it for a separate dish. After two hours cooking, or when the flesh will slip from the bones, remove the best portions of it, and continue the simmering for four hours longer, then strain, and set away to cool. Meanwhile make a stock with the carcass of a cold roast chicken, or the water in which one was boiled, together with beef and veal bones and the usual soup vegetables. This stock should be strong. The next day remove the fat from both soups. Put a steamer over the fire, with butter the size of an egg; when it bubbles, stir in one ounce of ham, cut in dice, and a heaping tablespoonful of flour. As soon as it browns, add one pint of the beef and chicken stock and one quart of the calf's head stock, both boiling hot, half a pound of the flesh cut in dice, the juice of half a lemon, and, if you care for wine, a glass of sherry. Let it come just to a boil; remove, skim, and pour into the tureen over thin slices of lemon and hard boiled eggs cut in dice. You may add egg balls or meat balls if you care to take the trouble to make them, but it is quite good enough without. The remainder of the flesh will make a dish of mock terrapin, the brains make delightful omelettes, and the tongue can be served with spinach, or with tomato or tartare sauce.

Ham Boiled in Cider.—Nowhere except in the country can this dish be had in all its perfection. After you have once eaten a ham cooked in this way all other methods will seem insipid. Cleanse a ham thoroughly in cold water, scrubbing all salt and rust from the outside rind. Line the bottom of a large kettle with a bunch of fragrant hay; cover with sweet cider, and as soon as it commences to simmer place where it will keep just at the simmering point. Cook twenty minutes to the pound, and test by probing with a skewer; if you can twist this around easily it is done. Lay on an inverted sieve while you sprinkle over the top fine bread crumbs mixed with brown sugar; dot with tiniest bits of butter and dashes of black pepper, and let it brown in a quick oven.

where did you get all these fine things for Thanksgiving?

Mrs. Bingo—You'll know when the bills come in.

Everybody's Day.

One thing is quite certain—that no matter how desolate one's hearth or however lonely one's heart, we all can and should keep Thanksgiving, if not for ourselves for others, and in so doing we will find happiness lying far, far deeper than the gay laughter and thoughtless merrymaking, only possible for those who have passed but very few anniversaries and who have seen but very little of life.—Mrs. Frank Leslie.

Struck the Wrong Man.



Landlady—How is the turkey, sir? Or perhaps you are not a good judge.

New Boarder—I ought to be, madam; I am in the leather business.

Reckoning the Cost.

In 1792 the Norwich (Conn.) Weekly Register calculated the cost of Thanksgiving in Rhode Island and Massachusetts to be:

| | |
|-----------|--------------------------------|
| 85,694 | mugs of flip, |
| 40,000 | plum puddings, |
| 85,694 | turkeys or geese, |
| 128,541 | chicken pies, |
| 514,162 | minced pies, |
| 514,162 | apple pies, |
| 237,082 | rice or potato pies, |
| 514,162 | tarts, |
| 1,028,328 | pumpkin pies, |
| | besides wine, nuts and apples. |

Extra.

Held For Murder.



The Feast of Thanksgiving.

BEFORE DINNER.

Happy, happy man!
Tripping gayly 'long the street,
Loaded down with tidbits sweet,
Loaded down with turkey fat,
Delicacies and all that—

Happy, happy man!

AFTER DINNER.

Aching, aching man!
Skulking sadly 'long the street,
Loaded down with stuffed turkey, rich and fat,
Delicacies and all that—

Aching, aching man!

What Thanksgiving Is.

Thanksgiving is really the highest devotion, the true mark of the true Christian. It consists, moreover, not of speech only, but of action, of thank offering as well as thanksgiving. So this present great annual national day of thanksgiving ought to bring forth abundant treasure from those on whom God has bestowed his blessing.

Thanks, All He'd Give.

"I'm going to give thanks to-morrow for all the blessings I have enjoyed for the past year," said the old man devoutly on Wednesday.

"Ugh!" grunted his wife, "and it's all you ever will give, too."

A Happy Thought.

Wife—This turkey is altogether too old and tough to eat. What on earth shall we do with it?

Husband—Why not send it around to the parsonage?

SAVINGS BANK

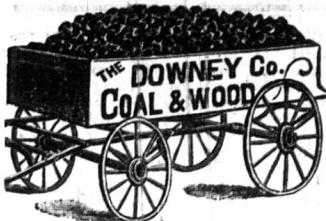
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Deposits taken of one dollar. Interest from date of deposit. No notice of withdrawal required.

E. H. BAINES, Agent.

Office—Market Square. 57



COAL! COAL!

We have just received a consignment of the celebrated Lehigh Valley Coal which we will sell in nut stove and egg sizes at the low price of \$5 per ton. This coal looks fine and we will guarantee it to be as good coal as can be procured in the Lehigh Valley District.

We would be pleased to have intending purchasers examine this coal before ordering.

We are now delivering and taking orders for the celebrated

Scranton Coal

At \$5.50 per ton, which is the best in the world, and for which we are sole agents.

This coal speaks for itself.

All coal thoroughly screened and satisfactorily delivered to any part of the town.

The Downey Co.

Office foot of Centre st.

DR. WILLIAMS

DINK PILLS
FOR
PALE PEOPLE

EVERY MAN Who finds his mental faculties dull or failing, or his physical powers flagging, should take these PILLS. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental.

EVERY WOMAN should take them. They cure all suppressions and irregularities, which inevitably entail sickness when neglected.

YOUNG MEN should take these PILLS. They will cure the results of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the system.

YOUNG WOMEN should take them. These PILLS will make them regular.

For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50c. per box), by addressing

THE DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO., Brackville, C. N.

C. H. B.
TICKET

going into the main topics of his address he would like to call attention to the marvellous increase in the debt of this country during the past few years. The debt and the expenditure had increased five times as fast as the population. The annual expenditure amounted now to \$37,000,000 and the country could be well governed for half that immense sum. The money is spent uselessly in great part to buy up small constituencies, with grants to construct harbours where there is very little shipping and to build unnecessary railways. A comparison with the States as to population and expenditure showed that the Canadian debt was in 1889 \$237,630,000 in contrast to \$75,728,000 in 1887. The Dominion debt is now \$45 per head, entailing a charge for interest of \$2 per head. The debt of the United States amounts to \$16 per head, the interest on which would be only 60 cents per head. Was there any one product of the farm that was higher in price to-day than in 1878? Farms have not now the same value. In fact there could not be said to be any fixed value. Only one man in a thousand could sell his farm. If the farmers could sell, one half of them would do so and be off to other countries. The Government was going faster than our resources would warrant and it would not be denied by any candid man that the country has reached such a pass that a change must come if the most disastrous results are to be averted. He strenuously advised the people to vote for a good man at the next election—to vote for a man they knew and could trust—in fact to vote for themselves and their own interests, and not consider that any man had a Divine right to rule over them. The farmer should be made prosperous because all other businesses would then prosper. The question to be considered was: Is Reciprocity desirable? We want to settle that question first. What would be the result of having a tariff in each of our provinces, and, if it was undesirable that the provinces should be separated by a tariff wall, a glance at the map would show what a bad thing a tariff between the States and our Provinces meant. The Province of Ontario was geographically placed so as to reap an immense advantage in case of interstate trade. Situated like a wedge between the greatest of the States, direct communication could only be had through this Province. We were in the most favourable position for supplying all the wants of 65,000,000 people. The tariff wall was between us and that prosperity. This is not theory. We have had a reciprocity treaty before to-day, in 1854 to 1866. During that time our exports increased from, in round numbers, ten millions to forty millions of dollars, or nearly 280 per cent in twelve years. For twenty-three years since that time our trade has increased only three millions. But try as they may with McKinley Bills or other imposts, nothing can hinder these two countries from trading except war. Notwithstanding hostile tariffs, the half of last year's produce went to the States. Nature and circumstances invite and compel trade between these two countries. For commercial purposes there is naturally only one country on this continent. He had nothing to say against new markets. Open them up by all means: but the folly of shutting off the good customer we have close to us for a problematical one far away was so great that no one could be deluded surely. With regard to our exports of the following products it would be seen that the United States was our best customer.

But if the government of the country was economically administered the revenue would still be ample. A decreased revenue means decrease of taxation, and that is a good thing. All the Canadian wants is a fair field and no favour and he would surely come out ahead. He took no stock in the injury to manufacturers cry. Another objection is that Reciprocity would lead to annexation. Well, he was of the opinion that was what the country was coming to. Our debt would soon be so monstrous that we would have to beg of Uncle Sam to come and relieve us of the enormous burden. We are surely drifting towards annexation and unless Reciprocity was secured what other outcome of our difficulties could be looked for. A ballot was taken at a recent meeting of sixty representative men, expressly to see what the real feeling with regard to annexation was and to the surprise of everyone fifty-nine out of the sixty voted for annexation, and the one dissident was an owner of a coal oil well, and oil as you know is only seven cents per gallon in the States. The present high taxation party in Canada is surely driving us into annexation. It is not because Canadians do not honor the Old Flag. It is not because he is not loyal. It is not because he does not honor the traditions of the Old Country. Depression leads to his feeling for annexation, and that alone is the reason. The most vivid imagination cannot realize the loss suffered by our people in consequence of being shut out from a market of sixty-five million people. The Anglo-Saxon race have surely a mission to perform. They do more than half of the entire trade of the whole of the world. They speak one language and are of the same religion and why should they not trade freely with one another. Discussing the disloyalty cry he said to whom would we be disloyal in consulting our own interests. It will be remembered that at the time the National Policy was inaugurated it was said England would object and the Conservatives said if British connection was endangered, so much the worse for British connection. The Canadian must consult the interest of Canada and the rest of the world will take care of itself as it has been in the habit of doing. But Britain will sanction either Reciprocity or Commercial Union, and it will be to her ultimate profit to do so. Then these continually recurring disputes with the States would cease, and the payment of the enormous debt owing her citizens will be secure.

MR. CHARLTON was listened to throughout his interesting address with marked attention, and was greeted with a round of applause at the conclusion from what had grown to be a fair attendance of the public.

FROM THE U. S. CAPITOL.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27th, 1890.

No problem that has confronted our Congressional legislators, not even that of suffrage, has been so troublesome or has promised in future to be so troublesome as the problem of pensions. And it is not because the nation or any considerable part of it begrudges to the deserving veteran the small sum he individually receives as the reward of his patriotism and self-sacrifice. If the deserving pensioners were all there would be no problem. But between the undeserving applicant for pension and the still more undeserving agent in such application the republic's Congressional committees and the republic's coffers have had hard time. That this time is not likely for a good many years to be any easier let these facts and figures based on Commissioner Rum's recent report, show to the incredulous: The number of pensioners on the 30th of June last was 537,944, the net increase in twelve months having been 46,210. Up to Sep. 30th there has been filed 460,282 claims un-



They're something kindo' harty-like about the atmosphere

When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—

Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on the trees,

And the murmur of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the bees;

But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape through the haze

Of a crisp and sunny morning of the sirty autumn days

Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty rustle of the kossels of the corn,

And the raspin' of the tangled leaves a golden as the morn,

The stubble in the furries—kindo' lone-some-like, but still

A preachin' sermons to us of the barns they grew to fill.

The strawstack in the meader, and the reaper in the shed;

The horses in their stalls below—the clover overhead!

O, it gets my heart a-clinchin' like the tickin' of a clock.

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock'

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



Dillon and O'Brien at New York.

N. Y. NOVEMBER 3.—The steamer "La Champagne," which arrived yesterday morning, had among its passengers the Irish agitators, Messrs. William O'Brien, John Dillon, Timothy Harrington and T. D. Sullivan. A large number of Irish men, the representatives of two societies, went down the bay on a tug to meet the big ship. Mr. O'Brien was the first passenger to be distinguished. The reception committee cheered him and he raised his hat in response. Then Mr. Sullivan came forward to the railing of the vessel and all on board the tug cheered vociferously. Mr. O'Brien in response to congratulations upon his escape from the British authorities in Ireland, said Mr. Dillon and himself had been six days on a yacht before they reached France. They were joined at Havre by Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan and Mr. Harrington, who sailed with them. Mr. Sullivan was very enthusiastic at the prospects of home rule for Ireland. When the steamer landed at the pier the famous Irishmen were driven to the Hoffman house, where they made arrangements with the committee to address meetings throughout the country, at which subscriptions will be taken up for the Irish National League. Shortly after noon to day Gov. Hill called on Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien at the Hoffman house. He had a short talk with the Irish members in which he told them that his sympathy was with the Irish movement. Then he signed the address of welcome and invited the delegation to visit him at the Capitol in Albany. Mayor Grant called a few minutes later and paid his respects. Eugene Kelly, the banker, and Joseph J. O'Donohue were also among the callers. The Nationalists, instead of sub-

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NAPANEE, FRIDAY, NOV. 7, 1890

UNRESTRICTED RECIPROCITY

According to announcement Mr. CHARLTON delivered an address on the trade question in the Opera House, Napanee, on Wednesday afternoon, of last week. The weather was extremely unfavorable, and there was not so large an attendance of farmers from the township as was expected.

MR. D. W. ALLISON occupied the chair, and in introducing the speaker of the day said the weather was not very favourable for a large attendance. The object of the meeting was to place before the farmers the many advantages of Unrestricted Reciprocity with the United States. He was sure the time was coming when they would get it. They must have it. The time was coming when they would be obliged to have it, because there was no home market for the great bulk of their produce. It was necessary for their prosperity. The farmers were fleeced by the Canadian and American governments, and Reciprocity would remedy this evil. He was a free-trader and a believer in the policy of direct taxation which would be a benefit to the people—to the farmers especially. Illustrative of the way the Government squandered there was the Napanee Post Office. The contract was awarded for \$25,000 and \$37,000 was spent and \$2,800 for sidewalk. The money spent on this job would build a very handsome block of business buildings.

The more direct the taxation was made the greater economy would be used. If the tax payer only knew just how much on the dollar he was paying for Dominion taxation he would open his eyes. The Canadian was everywhere in the States, in the banks, in the stores, and in every department of business. He could hold his own there against the native born, then why could he not do so here?

Mr. CHARLTON on coming forward said he was highly pleased to address such an intelligent audience. Before

| | DOLLARS. | CROPS. |
|------------|-----------|--------------|
| Horses | \$ 26,975 | \$ 2,113,782 |
| Sheep | 303,000 | 918,334 |
| Poultry | 1,127 | 110,793 |
| Eggs | 18 | 2,166,725 |
| Hides | 7,070 | 454,105 |
| Wool | 470 | 216,918 |
| Flax | | 121,807 |
| Barley | 3,858 | 6,454,003 |
| Beans | | 405,534 |
| Hay | 84,610 | 822,381 |
| Malt | | 105,183 |
| Potatoes | 245 | 195,576 |
| Vegetables | 514 | 52,660 |
| Total | \$427,876 | \$14,124,801 |

Yet this is the market you are told you can do without and new markets opened in China, Japan, the West Indies, Spain and Mexico, with Timbuctoo thrown in. The market that takes the great bulk of what you produce is surely the market you cannot spare. It was most absurd to talk of these other markets taking the bulk of our produce. One good Ontario township would produce more than the whole of them can buy. With regard to who pays the duty he would say that circumstances alter cases. In our own case what Canada exports to the States is such a small portion of the whole that we pay nearly all the duty. As an illustration take the fisheries. Canada exported to the States last year \$2,839,000 worth fish, while that country produced \$42,538,000 worth. Would the duty on two millions raise the price of forty-two millions? If on the contrary, Canada sent to the States say forty millions while they produced only two millions the consumer would undoubtedly pay the duty, because Canada would have command of the market, and all the McKinley Bills or any other Bills in the world would not alter the circumstances. The McKinley Bill would, however, do the farmer of the States no good, while it would do the farmer of Canada great harm. We don't control the market, and the practical result is we have to pay the duty. The McKinley Bill is neither more nor less than a device for allaying the growing discontent of the American farmer, who has grown weary of being taxed for the benefit of the manufacturer. It may succeed in capturing his vote at the present election but the farmers over there are not to be fooled forever. An appeal will no doubt be made here to all the prejudices and party feelings, but it was time the people of this country seriously considered their position, and not submit to be dragged at the heels of party. He had shown that Reciprocity was desirable, and the next question was: Is it possible to get it? He had no hesitation in saying Congress was in favour of it. He had conversed with several of the leading men of both parties and was assured a full reciprocity measure would meet with a hearty support. But it must be no half measure. It must embrace every product of both countries. The one thing against it was the open opposition of the Canadian Government. If a proposal for Reciprocity was made by this country in good faith there was no doubt whatever but that the United States would accept it. Unrestricted Reciprocity means a free interchange of all articles of growth or manufacture, but excludes all goods foreign to the two countries. He might also say Commercial Union means a union between the two countries for commercial purposes. A similar duty would be levied on all foreign goods coming in to any of the ports of the two countries, and the revenue derived therefrom would be divided according to population. Some objection will be made to either plan as that we would have to resort to direct taxation to carry on the government. Even if we had to do that Reciprocity or Commercial Union would still be a blessing.

several hundred thousand pending on other grounds before the law was enacted. Of course all these are not to be set down to increase in the number of pensioners, since they are in many cases merely for the enlargement of pension. But thousands of them are so to be credited. With a census list approximating 500,000, and with a prospect of adding immediately 120,000 soldiers and widows under a bill which has been recommended by the commissioner, and which has already passed the House, it is seen that the time is not far off when the large sum annually devoted by a grateful people to their preservers will have to be largely increased.

The speakers of all political parties are claiming altogether too much for their respective sides and giving too little credit to American skill and American brains. There may be some merits in the numerous plans for the artificial production of prosperity, but the only real prosperity this country has enjoyed came through natural channels and was the result of superior American ideas and resources. Neither tariff for revenue nor tariff for protection supply the American producer with idea or the American mechanic with brains, and to these two agencies much of the prosperity of the country is due. No country on the face of the globe has such resources as the United States, and for this pleasing state of affairs we are indebted to no political party. It is high time the politicians were recognizing the fact that the good, hard common sense of the American people were entitled to some credit. Political parties are necessary for the proper government of the country, but there are times when the political parties go too far in laying their claims before the people. The politicians should bear in mind that we are all Americans and that the people, without regard to political affiliations, are entitled to considerable credit for the healthy state of affairs.

Birchall.

WOODSTOCK, Nov. 2.—The inspector of prisons evidently thinks that the public are hearing too much about Birchall's gaol life, and has decided as far as he can, to put a stop to it. He was in Woodstock on Saturday and left strict orders with the gaoler, in consequence of which Mr. Cameron declares that not only will no reporter be allowed to see the prisoner, but not one of them will be allowed even to enter the gaol. Not only that, but the gaoler is forbidden to allow any manuscript to pass from Birchall to the papers, and in this prohibition is included such part of the autobiography as has not yet reached the hands of his Toronto publishers. It is known that the publishers are not in possession of all the manuscript, so that it looks as if they may have some difficulty in getting the autobiography completed. Another significant order given by the inspector is that hereafter all Birchall's mail matter shall pass through the hands of the Crown attorney, Mr. Ball, Q.C., instead of through the hands of Mr. Cameron, the gaoler, as has been the case hitherto.

It Saved His Life.

GENTLEMEN.—I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, for it saved my life when I was about six months old. We have used it in our family when required ever since, and it never fails to cure all summer complaints. I am now fourteen years of age.

FRANCIS WALSH, Dalkeith, Ont.

All Men,

young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimpling on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eyelids and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness or hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with leaden circle, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The swing or vital force having lost its tension every function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. UPHAM, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed. His disease, the symptoms of which are faint pain, heat like fire, palpitation, skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. UPHAM, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

ers from all the papers together, and Mr. O'Brien read an address on the purport of the visit. The address was as follows:

"We are coming to America at the desire and with the authority of Mr. Parnell and the Irish Parliamentary party. I had a most cordial interview with Mr. Parnell before our departure. It was he who summoned the meeting of the party at Dublin at which we were commissioned to proceed to America as their representatives. There is the most remarkable unity in the councils of the party. We are more firmly united than ever both as to our confidence in Mr. Parnell and as to our programme for the future. The old reproach of instability and quarrelsome ness is completely exploded as an argument against the capacity of the Irish people for self-government. Men's differences of opinion are inseparable from all human affairs, but no nation in the world could better stand the test of unanimity as to all broad, public issues than the Irish during the past ten years. It is not necessary to say that we did not quit Tipperary to evade the sentence of the removable. We should be only permanently banishing ourselves from the country and disgracing our cause before the English people, who loathe cowardice of all things. It is a delightful proof of the desperation to which our escape drove the enemy that even the most frantic of them should grasp at so ludicrous a theory. If Mr. Balfour dreamed that we were going for such a purpose he would joyfully place a royal yacht at our disposal."

The plans of the party are as follows: They will remain here until Wednesday evening when they will go to Philadelphia. On Thursday evening they will address their first meeting in the Academy of Music there. Another meeting will be held in the same place on the night following. Two meetings will be addressed in Boston on Sunday and the meeting in New York will be held on Monday evening. Governor Hill will probably preside at this one. T. P. O'Connor will arrive here on Wednesday in time for the Philadelphia meeting. A meeting will be held in Jersey City on November 12 and one in New York on November 15. After this the delegation will divide into pairs and address meetings throughout the country.

An address signed by Governor Hill of New York and a number of the officers of the Irish Societies was presented to the delegates in the evening. In the course of their address the New Yorkers remarked:

"This is a generous and appreciative land, where freedom's struggle, magnificently maintained, even finds responsive, sympathetic chord in the American heart. This sympathy is intensified when brutal force and foul play are the weapons used, resolving the stronger to extinguish the hope and crush the efforts of a weaker combatant. We realize that in the conflict you represent, gaunt famine again joins forces with the ancient and relentless enemy of your country and your race, and extermination seems to be the result aimed for in the issue."

The representation of your people treated as criminals for exercising the constitutional right of intercourse with their constituents, the courts proceed to commit them, while bribery, procuring perjury protected by the strong military arm, sustains this unholy procedure.

This is the picture Tojo misgovernment presents to Christian civilization in the end of the nineteenth century, a stain foul, black and barbarous. Coming as you do, refugees from the noisome odors of assassinated justice, in your proper persons the living victims of the infamous exercise of might over right, we emphasize our greeting of you as the messengers of hope from a struggling to a free people.

"We believe the truest friendship and warmest sympathy we can extend to Ireland is to furnish you the means necessary to remove the cause of recurring famine and ever-present distress. This we feel can be accomplished only by the rescue of your land from political slavery by the substitution of self-government for the present persecution to which it is subject. To-day the law that is a protection to the people of England is made an instrument of torture and injustice to the citizens of Ireland, under which condition peace, prosperity and the pursuit of happiness is an impossibility. This we would assist you in remedying, and with full confidence in the wisdom, integrity, loyalty and fidelity of the Irish parliamentary party, we have pleasure in welcoming its delegated representatives to America, and inviting you to the broadest hospitality to which your grand mission, your cause and privilege entitle you."

"Say to the people of Ireland and to your comrades in the British Parliament that the heart of free America is with them in this contest, and bid them be of good cheer. So long as Ireland's banner is kept flying to the breeze our sympathies are with them."



HEN the frost is on the punkin and
the fodder's in the shock;
you hear the kyowk and gobble of
a strutlin' turkey-cock;
the chokin' of the guineys, and the
skin' of the hens,
the rooster's hallooyer as he tippos
the fence;
then the times a feller is a-feelin' at
his best,
the risin' sun to greet him from a
ghr of peaceful rest;
he leaves the house, bare-headed, and
sets out to feed the stock,
on the frost is on the punkin and the
fodder's in the shock.



and our financial support behind them. Each attempt at Balfourism increases our zeal, and so long as a drop of Irish blood flows in human veins the cause of Ireland will not die. You, gentlemen, from the field of conflict, we thank you for what you have done, and again thank you for the opportunity your presence in America affords us to give expression and substantial form to the sympathy we feel for you and Ireland."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 82 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A Big Find.

On the old Rupert homestead near Argentine, Kansas, on Saturday, an iron pot containing \$5,000 in gold coin was unearthed by John Rupert and James Halloway, who were excavating for a barn foundation. The coins were all dated prior to 1854 and it is believed that the gold was buried by some man who was killed in the war.

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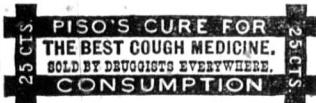
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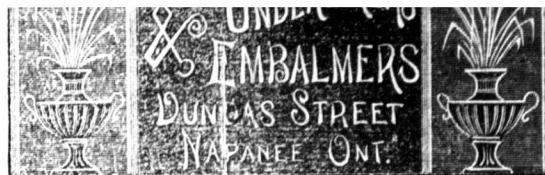
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to any in the Dominion.

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Gloves and Badges, constantly on hand, and
sold at reasonable prices.

I also make a specialty of Embalming, giving
the department my personal attention, thus re-
moving all risk of unpleasant odor or any change
in color.

First-class hearse free of charge, will attend all
funerals.

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HAND AND KING.

CHAPTER XXXV.

PRO AND CON.

Shortly after the adjournment of court, Mr. Ferris summoned the two detectives to his office.

"We have a serious question before us to decide," said he. "Are we going on with the prosecution or are we to stop? I should like to hear your views on the subject."

Hickory was, as usual, the first to speak.

"I should say, stop," he cried. "This fresh applicant for the honor of having slain the Widow Clemmens deserves a hearing at least."

"But," hurriedly interposed Byrd, "you don't give any credit to her story now, even if you did before the prisoner spoke? You know she did not commit the crime herself, whatever she may choose to declare in her anxiety to shield the prisoner. I hope, sir," he proceeded, glancing at the District Attorney, "that you have no doubts as to Miss Dare's innocence?"

But Mr. Ferris, instead of answering, turned to Hickory and said:

"Miss Dare, in summoning you to confirm her statement, relied, I suppose, upon the fact of your having been told by Professor Darling's servant maid that she—that is, Miss Dare—was gone from the observatory when the girl came for her on the morning of the murder?"

"Yes, sir."

"A strong corroborative fact, if true?"

"Yes, sir."

"But is it true? Is the explanation which Miss Dare gave me last night of this affair, she uttered statements essentially different from those she made in court today. She then told me she was in the observatory when the girl came for her; that she was looking through a telescope which was behind a high rack filled with charts; and that—Why do you start?"

"I didn't start," protested Hickory.

"I beg your pardon," returned Mr. Ferris.

"Well, then, if I did make such a fool of myself, it was because so far her story is plausible enough. She was in that very position when I visited the observatory, you remember, and she was so effectually concealed I didn't see her or know she was there, till I looked behind the rack."

"Very good!" interjected Mr. Ferris. "And that, he resumed, "she did not answer the girl or make known her presence, because at the moment the girl came in she was deeply interested in watching something that was going on in the town."

"In the town!" repeated Byrd.

"Yes; the telescope was lowered so as to command a view of the town, and she had taken advantage of its position (as she assured me last night) to consult the church clock."

"The church clock!" echoed Byrd once more. "And what time did she say it was?" breathlessly cried both detectives.

"Five minutes to 12."

"A critical moment," ejaculated Byrd. "And what was it she saw going on in the town at that especial time?"

"I will tell you," returned the District Attorney, impressively. "She said—and I believed her last night, and so recalled her to the stand this morning—that she saw Craik Mansell fleeing toward the swamp from Mrs. Clemmens' dining-room door."

Both men looked up astonished.

"That was what she told me last night. To-day she comes into court with the contradictory story of herself being the assailant and sole cause of Mrs. Clemmens' death."

"But all that is frenzy," protested Byrd. "She probably saw from your manner that the prisoner was lost if she gave this fact to the court, and her mind became disordered. She evidently loves this Mansell, and as for me, I pity her."

"So do I," assented the District Attorney; "still—"

"Is it possible?" Byrd interrupted, with feeling as Mr. Ferris hesitated, "that you do doubt her innocence? After the acknowledgments made by the prisoner too?"

Rising from his seat, Mr. Ferris began slowly to pace the floor.

"I should like each of you," he said, without answering the appeal of Byrd, "to tell me why I should credit what she told me in conversation last night rather than what she uttered upon oath in the court room to-day?"

"Let me speak first," rejoined Byrd, glancing at Hickory. And, rising too, he took his stand against the mantel-shelf where he could partially hide his face from those he addressed. "Sir," he proceeded, after a moment, "both Hickory and myself know Miss Dare to be innocent of this murder. A circumstance which we have

dwell upon the advantages which might accrue to her lover from his aunt's death, and weighing them against the foul means by which that person's end had been hastened. Yet I will not say but she may have been influenced in the course which she took by some doubt or apprehension of her own. The fact that she came to the house at all, and, having come, insisted upon knowing all the details of the assault seem to prove she was not without a desire to satisfy herself that suspicion rightly attached itself to the tramp. But not until she saw her lover's ring on the floor (the ring which she had with her own hand dropped into the pocket of his coat the day before) and heard that the tramp had justified himself and was no longer considered the assailant, did her true fear and horror come. Then, indeed, all the past rose up before her, and, believing her lover guilty of this crime, she laid claim to the jewel as the first and only alternative that offered by which she might stand between him and the consequences of his guilt. Her subsequent agitation when the dying woman made use of the exclamation that indissolubly connected the crime with a ring, speaks for itself. Nor was her departure from the house any too hurried or involuntary, when you consider that the vengeance invoked by the widow, was, in Miss Dare's opinion, called down upon one to whom she had nearly plighted her troth. What is the next act in the drama? The scene in the Syracuse depot. Let me see if I cannot explain it. A woman who has once allowed herself to suspect the man she loves of a murderous deed, cannot rest till she has either convinced herself that her suspicions are false, or until she has gained such knowledge of the truth as makes her feel justified in her seeming treason. A woman of Miss Dare's generous nature especially. What does she do, then? With the courage that characterizes all her movements, she determines upon seeing him, and from his own lips, win a confession of guilt or innocence. Conceiving that his flight was directed toward the Quarry Station, and thence to Buffalo, she embraced the first opportunity to follow him to the latter place. As I have told you, her ticket was bought for Buffalo, and to Buffalo she evidently intended going. But chancing to leave the cars at Syracuse, she was startled by encountering in the depot the very man with whom she had been associating thoughts of guilt. Shocked and thrown off her guard by the unexpectedness of the occurrence, she betrays her shrinking and her horror. 'Were you coming to see me?' she asks, and recoils, while he, conscious at her first glimpse of her face that his guilt has cost him her love, starts back also, uttering, in his shame and despair, words that were similar to hers, 'Never you coming to see me?'

Convinced without further speech, that her worst fears had foundation in fact, she turns back toward her home. The man she loved had committed a crime. That it was partly for her sake only increased her horror sevenfold. She felt as if she were guilty also, and, with sudden remorse, remembered how, instead of curbing his wrath the day before she had inflamed it by her words, if not given direction to it by her violent gestures. That fact, and the self-blame it produced, probably is the cause why her love did not vanish with her hopes. Though he was stained by guilt, she felt that it was the guilt of a strong nature driven from its bearings by the conjunction of two violent passions—ambition and love; and she being passionate and ambitious herself, remained attached to the man while she recoiled from his crime.

"This being so, she could not, as a woman, wish him to suffer the penalty of his wickedness. Though lost to her, he must not be lost to the world. So, with the heroism natural to such a nature, she shut the secret up in her own breast, and faced her friends with courage, wishing, if not hoping, that the matter would remain the mystery it promised to be when she stood with us in the presence of the dying woman.

"But this was not to be, for suddenly, in the midst of her complacency, fell the startling announcement that another man—an innocent man—one, too, of her lover's own standing, if not hopes, had by a curious conjunction of events so laid himself open to the suspicion of the authorities as to be actually under arrest for this crime. 'Twas a danger she had not foreseen, a result for which she was not prepared.

Startled and confounded she let a few days go by in struggle and indecision, possibly hoping, with the blind trust of her sex, that Mr. Hildreth would be released without her interference. But Mr. Hildreth was not released, and her anxiety was fast becoming insupportable, when that decoy letter sent by Hickory reached her, awakening in her breast for the first time, perhaps the home that Mansell would show

defence which only the one fact so securely locked in her bosom could controvert. You can imagine, then, the horror and alarm which must have seized her when, in the very hour of hope, you approached her with the demand which proved that her confidence in her power to keep silence had been premature, and that the alternative was yet to be submitted to her of destroying her lover or sacrificing herself. Yet, because a great nature does not succumb without a struggle, she tried even now the effect of the truth upon you, and told you the one fact she considered so detrimental to the safety of her lover.

"The result was fatal. Though I cannot presume to say what passed between you, I can imagine how the change in your countenance warned her of the doom she would bring upon Mansell if she went into court with the same story she told you. Nor do I find it difficult to imagine how, in one of her history and temperament, a night of continuous brooding over this one topic should have culminated in the act which startled us so profoundly in the court-room this morning. Love, misery, devotion are not mere names to her, and the greatness which sustained her through the ordeal of denouncing her lover in order that an innocent man might be relieved from suspicion, was the same that made it possible for her to denounce herself that she might redeem the life she had thus deliberately jeopardized.

"That she did this with a certain calmness and dignity proves it to have been the result of design. A murderer forced by conscience into confession would not have gone into the details of her crime, but blurted out her guilt, and left the details to be drawn from her by question. Only the woman anxious to tell her story with the plausibility necessary to insure its belief would have planned and carried on her confession as she did.

"The action of the prisoner, in face of this proof of devotion, though it might have been foreseen by a man, was evidently not foreseen by her. To me, who watched her closely at the time, her face wore a strange look of mingled satisfaction and despair—satisfaction in having awakened his manhood, despair at having failed in saving him. But it is not necessary for me to dilate on this point. If I have been successful in presenting before you the true condition of her mind during the struggle, you will see for yourself what her feeling must be now that her lover has himself confessed to a fact, to hide which she made the greatest sacrifice of which mortal is capable."

Mr. Ferris, who, during this lengthy and exhaustive harangue, had sat with brooding countenance and an anxious mein, raised himself as the other ceased, and glanced with a smile at Hickory.

"Well," said he, "that's good reasoning; now let us hear how you will go to work to demolish it."

The cleared brow, the playful tone of the District Attorney showed the relieved state of his mind. Byrd's argument had evidently convinced him of the innocence of Imogene Dare.

Hickory, seeing it, shook his head with a gloomy air.

"Sir," said he, "I can't demolish it. If I could tell why Mansell fled from Widow Clemmens' house at five minutes to twelve I might be able to do so, but that fact stumps me. It is an act consistent with guilt. It may be consistent with innocence, but, as we don't know all the facts, we can't say. But this I do know, that my convictions with regard to that man have undergone a change. I now as firmly believe in his innocence as I once did in his guilt."

"What has produced the change?" asked Mr. Ferris.

"Well," said Hickory, "it all lies in this. From the day I heard Miss Dare accuse him so confidently in the tilt, I believed him guilty; from the moment he withdrew his defence, I believed him innocent."

Mr. Ferris and Mr. Byrd looked at him astonished. He at once brought down his fist in vigorous assertion on the table.

"I tell you," said he, "that Craik Mansell is innocent. The truth is, he believes Miss Dare guilty, and so stands his trial, hoping to save her."

"And he hung for her crime?" asked Mr. Ferris.

"No; he thinks his innocence will save him, in spite of the evidence on which we got him indicted."

But the District Attorney protested at this.

"That can't be," said he; "Mansell has withdrawn the only defence he had."

"On the contrary," asserted Hickory, "that very thing only proves my theory true. He is still determined to save Miss Dare by everything short of a confession of his own guilt. He won't lie. That man is

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| Fall Wheat..... | \$.90 | \$.75 |
| Spring Wheat..... | 55 | 50 |
| Barley..... | 55 | 50 |
| Lies..... | 57 | 60 |
| Oats..... | 35 | 35 |
| Rye..... | 55 | 55 |
| Buckwheat..... | 35 | 40 |
| Bran, per ton..... | 15.00 | 10.00 |
| Sheets, per ton..... | 20.00 | 15.00 |
| Beef, hind quarter..... | 5.50 | 6.00 |
| Cold, fore quarter..... | 4.50 | 5.00 |
| Mutton, per lb..... | 7 | 7.50 |
| Lamb, per lb..... | 7 | 9 |
| Hog, per cent..... | 5.00 | 6.00 |
| Turkey..... | 75 | 2.00 |
| Geese..... | 50 | 50 |
| Ducks, per pair..... | 50 | 60 |
| Chickens, per pair..... | 25 | 40 |
| Partridges per brace..... | 40 | 50 |
| Butter, croiss, per lb..... | 20 | 22 |
| Cheese, per lb..... | 15 | 18 |
| Lard, per lb..... | 12 | 12 |
| Eggs, per dozen..... | 15 | 16 |
| Potatoes, per bag..... | 60 | 70 |
| Apples, per bag..... | 50 | 1.00 |
| Apples, per 16lb..... | 3.00 | — |
| Hay, per ton..... | 6 | 7 |
| St. Louis load..... | — | — |
| Box Binders, per cwt..... | 5.00 | — |
| Sleepskins..... | 65 | — |
| Pelts..... | 45 | — |
| Wood..... | 19 | — |
| Wood, per cord..... | — | — |

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Are you distressed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. For children teething its value is unparalleled. It will relieve the poor little stuff immediately. Depend upon it, there is there is no mistake about it. It is a true Syrup and diarrhoea, regular tea, the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, 25 cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, and take no other. By

Miss Dare I think we are now bound to make known, has revealed to us the true criminal, Hickory, tell Mr. Ferris of the deception you practised upon Miss Dare in the hut."

The surprised, but secretly gratified, detective at once complied. He saw no reason for keeping quiet about that day's work. He told how, by means of a letter purporting to come from Mansell, he had decoyed Iogene to an interview in the hut, where, under the supposition she was addressing her lover, she had betrayed her conviction of his guilt, and advised him to confess it.

Mr. Ferris listened with surprise and great interest.

"That seems to settle the question," he said.

But it was now Hickory's turn to shake his head.

"I don't know," he remonstrated. "I have sometimes thought she saw through the trick and turned it to her own advantage."

"How to her own advantage?"

"To talk in such a way as to make us think Mansell was guilty."

"Stuff!" said Byrd; "that woman?"

"More unaccountable things have happened," was the weak reply of Hickory, his habitual state of suspicion leading him more than once into similar freaks of folly.

"Sir," said Mr. Byrd, confidently, to the District Attorney, "let us run over this matter from the beginning. Starting with the supposition that the explanation she gave you last night was the true one, let us see if the whole affair does not hang together in a way to satisfy us all as to where the real guilt lies. To begin, then, with the meeting in the woods—"

"Wait," interrupted Hickory; "there is going to be an argument here; so suppose you give your summary of events from the lady's standpoint, as that seems to be the one which interests you most."

"I was about to do so," Horace assured him, heedless of the rough fellow's good-natured taunt. "To make my point, it is absolutely necessary for us to transfer ourselves into her position and view matters as they gradually unfolded themselves before her eyes. First, then, as I have before suggested, let us consider the interview held by this man and woman in the woods. Miss Dare, as we must remember, was not engaged to Mr. Mansell; she only loved him. Their engagement, to say nothing of their marriage, depended upon his success in life—a success which to them seemed to hang solely upon the decision of Mrs. Clemmons concerning the small capital he desired her to advance him. But in the interview which Mansell had held with his aunt previous to the meeting between the lovers, Mrs. Clemmons had refused to loan him this money, and Miss Dare, whose feelings we are endeavoring to follow, found herself beset by the entreaties of a man who, having failed in his plans for future fortune, feared the loss of her love as well. What was the natural consequence? Rebellion against the wife's decision, of course—a rebellion which she showed by a violent gesture which she made—and then a determined struggle for her happiness, as she evinced when, with most unhappy ambiguity of expression, she begged him to wait till the next day before pressing his ring upon her acceptance, because, as she said:

"A night has been known to change the whole current of a person's affairs."

To her, engrossed with the one idea of making a personal effort to alter Mrs. Clemmons' mind on the money question, these words seemed innocent enough. But the look with which he received them, and prepared the way for the interest she manifested when, upon looking through the telescope the next day, she saw him flying in that extraordinary way from his aunt's cottage toward the woods. Not that she then thought of his having committed a crime. As I trace her mortal experience, she did not come to that conclusion till it was forced upon her. I do not know, and so cannot say, how she first heard of the

murder.

"She was told of it on the street corner," interpolated Mr. Ferris.

"Ah, well, then, fresh from this vision of her lover hastening from his aunt's door to hide himself in the woods beyond, she came into town and was greeted by the announcement that Mrs. Clemmons had just been assaulted by a tramp in her own house. I know this was the way in which the news was told her, from the expression of her face as she entered the house. I was standing at the gate, you remember, when she came up, and her look had in it determination and horror, but no special fear. In fact, the words she dropped show the character of her thoughts at that time. She distinctly murmured in my hearing: 'No good can come of it: none.' As if her mind were

and by a public confession of guilt release her from the task of herself supplying the information which would lead to his commitment."

"And, perhaps, if it had really fallen to the lot of Mansell to confront her in the hut and listen to her words of adjuration and appeal, he might have been induced to consent to her wishes. But a detective sat there instead of her lover, and the poor woman lived to see the days go by without any movement being made to save Mr. Hildreth. At last—was it the result of the attempt made by this man upon his life?—she put an end to the struggle by acting for herself. Moved by a sense of duty, despite her love, she sent the letter which drew attention to her lover, and paved the way for that trial which has occupied our attention for so many days. But—mark this, for I think it is the only explanation of her whole conduct—the sense of justice that upheld her in this duty was mingled with the hope that her lover would escape conviction if he did not trial. The one fact which told the most against him—I allude to his flight from his aunt's door on the morning of the murder, as observed by her through the telescope—was as yet a secret in her own breast, and there she meant it to remain unless it was drawn forth by actual question. But it was not a fact likely to be made the subject of question, and drawing hope from that consideration, she prepared herself for the ordeal before her, determined, as I actually believe to, answer with truth all the inquiries that were put to her.

"But in an unexpected hour she learned that the detectives were anxious to know where she was during the time of the murder. She heard Hickory question Professor Darling's servant girl, as to whether she was still in the observatory, and at once feared that her secret was discovered. Feared, I say—I conjecture this—but what I do not conjecture is that with the fear, or doubt, or whatever emotion it was she cherished, a revelation came of the story she might tell if worst came to worst, and she found herself forced to declare what she saw when the clock stood at five minutes to 12 on that fatal day. Think of your conversation with the girl Roxana," he went on to Hickory, "and then think of that woman crouching behind the rack, listening to your words, and see if you can draw any other conclusion from the expression of her face than that of triumph at seeing a way to deliver her lover at the sacrifice of herself."

As Byrd waited for a reply, Hickory reluctantly acknowledged:

"Her look was a puzzler, that I will allow. She seemed glad—"

"There," cried Byrd, "you say she seemed glad; that is enough. Had she not the weight of this crime upon her conscience, she would have betrayed a different emotion from that. I pray you to consider the situation," he proceeded, turning to the District Attorney, "for on it hangs your conviction of her innocence. First, imagine her guilty. What would her feelings be, as, hiding unseen in that secret corner, she hears a detective's voice inquiring where she was when the fatal blow was struck, and hears the answer given that she was not where she was supposed to be, but in the words—the words which she and every one know lead so directly to Mrs. Clemmons' house, she could without the least difficulty hasten there and back in the hour she was observed to be missing? Would she show gladness or triumph even of a wild or delirious order? No, even Hickory cannot say she would. Now, on the contrary, see her as I do, crouched there in the very place before the telescope which she occupied when the girl came to the observatory before, but unseen now as she was unseen then, and watch the change that takes place in her countenance as she hears question and answer and realizes what confirmation she would receive from the girl if she ever thought fit to declare that she was not in the observatory when the girl sought her there on the day of the murder. That by this act she would bring execration if not death upon herself, she does not stop to consider. Her mind is full of what she can do for her lover, and she does not think of herself."

"But an enthusiasm like this is too frenzied to last. As time passes by Craik Mansell is brought to trial, she begins to hope she may be spared this sacrifice. She therefore responds with perfect truth when summoned to the stand to give evidence, and does not waver, though question after question is asked her, whose answers cannot fail to show the state of her mind in regard to the prisoner's guilt. Life and honor are sweet even to one in her condition; and if her lover could be saved without falsehood it was her natural instinct to avoid it.

"And it looked as if he would be saved. A defence both skilful and ingenious had been advanced for him by his counsel—

"And Miss Dare is guilty," said Byrd.

"Shall I make it clear to you in the way it becomes better to Mr. Mansell?"

As Byrd only answered by a toss of his head, Hickory put his elbows on the table, and checking off every sentence with the forefinger of his right hand, which he pointed at Mr. Ferris' shirt-stud, as if to instill from its point conviction into that gentleman's bosom, he proceeded with the utmost composure as follows:

"To commence, then, with the scene in the woods. He meets her. She is as angry at his aunt as he is. What does she do? She strikes the tree with her hand, and tells him to wait till to-morrow, since a night has been known to change the whole current of a person's affairs. Now tell me what does that mean? Murder? If so, she was the one to originate it. He can't forget that. It has stamped itself upon Mansell's memory, and when, after the assassination of Mrs. Clemmons, he recalls those words, he is convinced that she has slain Mrs. Clemmons to help him."

"But, Mr. Hickory," objected Mr. Ferris, "this assumes that Mr. Mansell is innocent, whereas we have exceedingly cogent proof that he is the guilty party. There is the circumstance of his leaving Widow Clemmons' house at five minutes to 12."

To which Hickory, with a twinkle in his eye, replied:

"I won't discuss that; it has n't been proved, you know. Miss Dare told you she saw him do this, but she would n't swear to it. Nothing is to be taken for granted against my man."

"Then you think Miss Dare spoke falsely?"

"I don't say that. I believe that whatever he did could be explained if we knew as much about it as he does. But I'm not called upon to explain any thing which has not appeared in the evidence against him."

"Well, then, we'll take the evidence. There is his ring, found on the scene of murder."

"Exactly," replied Hickory. "Dropped there, as he must suppose, by Miss Dare, because he didn't know she had secretly restored it to his pocket."

Mr. Ferris smiled.

"You don't see the force of the evidence," said he. "As she had restored it to his pocket, he must have been the one to drop it there."

"I am willing to admit he dropped it there, not that he killed Mrs. Clemmons. I am now speaking of his suspicions as to the assassin. When the betrothal ring was found there, he suspects Miss Dare of the crime, and nothing has occurred to change his suspicions."

"But," said the District Attorney, "how does your client, Mr. Mansell, get over this difficulty; that Miss Dare, who has committed a murder to put five thousand dollars into his pocket, immediately afterward turns round and accuses him of the crime—nay, more, furnishes evidence against him!"

"You can't expect the same consistency from a woman as from a man. They can nerve themselves up one moment to any deed of desperation, and take every pains the next to conceal it by a lie."

"Men will do the same then why not Mansell?"

"I am showing you why I know that Mansell believes Miss Dare guilty of a murder. To continue, then. What does he do when he hears that his aunt has been murdered? He scratches out the face of Miss Dare in a photograph; he ties up her letters with a black ribbon as if she were dead and gone to him. Then the scene in the Syracuse depot! The rule of three works both ways, Mr. Byrd, and if she left his home to solve her doubts, what shall be said of him? The recoil, too—is it less on his part than hers? And, if she had cause to gather guilt from his manner, had he not as much cause to gather it from hers? If his mind was full of suspicion when he met her, it became conviction before he left; and, bearing that fact in your mind, watch how he henceforth conducted himself. He does not come to Sibley; the woman he fears to encounter is there. He hears of Mr. Hildreth's arrest, reads of the discoveries which lead to it, and keeps silent. So would any other man have done in his place, at least till he saw whether this arrest was likely to end in trial. But he cannot forget he had been in Sibley on the fatal day, or that there may be someone who saw his interview with Miss Dare. When Byrd comes to him, therefore, and tells him he is wanted in Sibley, his first question is, 'Am I wanted as a witness?' and, even you have acknowledged, Mr. Ferris, that he seemed surprised to find himself accused of the crime. But, accused, he takes his course and keeps to it. Brought to trial, he remembers the curious way in which he crossed the river, and thus cut short the road to the station; and, seeing in

fence, chooses Mr. Orcutt for his counsel, and trusts the secret to him. The trial goes on; acquittal seems certain, when suddenly she is recalled to the stand, and he hears words which make him think she is going to betray him by some falsehood, when, instead of following the lead of the prosecution, she launches him into a personal confession. What does he do? Why, rise and hold up his hand in a command for her stop. But she does not heed, and the rest follows as a matter of course. The life she throws away he will not accept. He is innocent, but his defence is false! He says so, and leaves the jury to decide on the verdict. There can be no doubt," Hickory finally concluded, "that some of these circumstances are consistent only with his belief that Miss Dare is a murderer; such, for instance, as his scratching out her face in the picture. Others favor the theory in a less degree, but this is what I want to impress upon both your minds," he declared, turning first to Mr. Ferris and then to Mr. Byrd: "If any fact, no matter how slight, leads us to the conviction that Crank Mansell, at any time after the murder, entertained the belief that Miss Dare committed it, his innocence follows as a matter of course. For the guilty could never entertain a belief in the guilt of an other person."

"Yes," said Mr. Ferris, "I admit that, but we have got to see into Mr. Mansell's mind before we can tell what his belief really was."

"No," was Hickory's reply; "let us look at his actions. I say that defaced picture is conclusive. One day he loves the woman and wants her to marry him; the next, he defaces her picture. Why? She had not offended him. Not a word, not a line, passes between them to cause him to commit this act. But he does hear of his aunt's murder, and he does recall her sinister promise: 'Wait; there is no telling what a day will bring forth.' I say that no other cause for his act is shown except his conviction that she is a murderer."

"But," persisted Mr. Ferris, "his leaving the house, as he acknowledges he did, by this unfrequent and circuitous road?"

"I have said before that I cannot explain his presence there, or his flight. All I am now called upon to show is, some fact inconsistent with anything except a belief in this young woman's guilt. I claim I have shown it, and, as you admit, Mr. Ferris, if I show that, he is innocent."

"Yes," said Byrd, speaking for the first time; "but we have heard of people manufacturing evidence in their own behalf."

"Come, Byrd," replied Hickory, "you don't seriously mean to attack my position with that suggestion. How could a man dream of manufacturing evidence of such a character? A murderer manufactures evidence to throw suspicion on other people. No fool could suppose that scratching out the face of a girl in a photograph and locking it up in his own desk, would tend to bring her to the scaffold, or save him from it."

"And yet," rejoined Byrd, "that very act acquits him in your eyes. All that is necessary is to give him credit for being smart enough to foresee that it would have such a tendency in the eyes of any person who discovered the picture."

"Then," said Hickory, "he would also have to foresee that she would accuse herself of murder when he was on trial for it, and that he would thereupon withdraw his defense. Byrd, you are foreseeing too much. My friend Mansell possesses no such power of looking into the future as that."

"Your friend Mansell!" repeated Mr. Ferris, with a smile. "If you were on his jury, I suppose your bias in his favor would lead you to acquit him of this crime?"

"I should declare him 'Not guilty,' and stick to it, if I had to be locked up for a year."

Mr. Ferris sank into an attitude of profound thought. Horace Byrd, impressed by this, looked at him anxiously.

"Have your convictions been shaken by Hickory's ingenious theory?" he ventured to inquire at last.

Mr. Ferris abstractedly replied:

"This is no time for me to state my convictions. It is enough that you comprehend my perplexity. And, relapsing into his former condition, he remained for a moment wrapped in silence, then he said: "Byrd, how comes it that the humpback who excited so much attention on the day of the murder was never found?"

Byrd, astonished, surveyed the District Attorney with a doubtful look that gradually changed into one of quiet satisfaction as he realized the significance of this recurrence to old theories and suspicions. His answer, however, was slightly embarrassed in tone, though frank enough to remind me of Hickory's blunt-spoken admissions.

"Well," said he, "I suppose the main reason is that I made no attempt to find

Crowds of People

Are Served

At Cheapside!

Every Day.

Loads of parcels are distributed over the town and counties every day.

The magnitude of our trade every week would astonish any outsider.

Our sales for October alone would be considered a good year's trade for the great majority of stores. What do you think

SUCH LARGE BUSINESS MEANS?

It means the purchase of a vast amount of goods, and the purchase of a vast amount of goo is for cash down, as we buy them, means buying very cheaply, buying cheaply means we are able to sell you cheaply, selling cheaply again enables us to do an immense trade, and so the ring is completed, to the great profit of every purchaser who deals at CHEAPSIDE.

Ask yourself the question, is it not a fact? We are always on the look out for bargains for you, and when we secure one, don't we always divide up with you?

That's the reason of Cheapside's popularity and then we are always trying to do the fair straight thing by you. We don't allow misrepresentation of our goods and if any error occurs we gladly rectify it. We take back and exchange goods in any reasonable case, in short we try to adapt our trade to the wants and requirements of a reasonable public. Hence, the fact, patent to everybody, we have the best class of customers in Central Canada.

Come and do Your Trading with us this Season.

HINCH & Co.

CHEAPSIDE, NAPANEE,

The Great Dry Goods, Millinery, Carpet and Fur Emporium of the Central District.

reason is that I made no attempt to find him."

"Do you think that you were wise in that, Mr. Byrd?" inquired Mr. Ferris, with some severity.

Horace laughed.

"I can find him for you to-day, if you want him," he declared.

"You can? You know him, then?"

"Very well, Mr. Ferris," he courteously remarked, "I perhaps should have explained to you at the time I recognized this person and knew him to be an honest man; but the habits of secrecy in our profession are so fostered by the lives we lead, that we sometimes hold our tongue when it would be better for us to speak. The humpback who

talked with us on the court-house steps this morning Mrs. Clemmies was murdered, was not what he seemed, sir. He was a detective; a detective in disguise; a man with whom I never presume to meddle—in other words, our famous Mr. Gryce."

"Gryce!—that man!" exclaimed Mr. Ferris, astounded.

"Yes, sir. He was in disguise, probably for some purpose of his own, but I knew his eye. Gryce's eye isn't to be mistaken by any one who has much to do with him."

"And that famous detective was actually on the spot at the time this murder was discovered, and you let him go without warning me of his presence?"

"Sir," returned Mr. Byrd, "neither you nor I nor any one at that time could foresee what a serious and complicated case this was going to be. Besides, he did not linger in this vicinity, but took the cars only a few minutes after he parted from us. I did not think he wanted to be dragged into this affair unless it was necessary. He had important matters of his own to look after. However, if suspicion had continued to follow him, I should have notified him of the fact, and let him speak for himself. But it vanished so quickly in the light of other developments, I just let the matter drop."

The impatient frown with which Mr. Ferris received this acknowledgment showed he was not pleased.

"I think you made a mistake," said he. Then, after a minute's thought, added:

"You have seen Gryce since?"

"Yes, sir; several times."

"And he acknowledged himself to have been the humpback?"

"Yes, sir."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Purify Your Blood

The importance of keeping the blood in a pure condition is universally known, and yet there are very few people who have perfectly pure blood. The taint of scrofula, salt rheum, or other foul humor is hereditary and transmitted for generations, causing untold suffering, and we also accumulate poisons and germs of disease from the air we breathe, the food we eat, or the water we drink. Nothing elusively than the power of Hood's Sarsaparilla over all diseases of the blood. This medicine, when fairly tried, does expel every trace of scrofula or salt rheum, removes the taint which causes catarrh, neutralizes the acidity and cures rheumatism, drives out the germs of malaria, blood poisoning, etc. It also vitalizes and enriches the blood, thus overcoming that tired feeling, and building up the whole system. Thousands testify to the superiority of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier. Full information and statements of cures sent free.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. E. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Kingston, Napanee and Western Railway.

TIME TABLE,

Eastern Standard Time:

No. 3.

Taking effect July 14th, 1890

Tweed to Kingston.

| Stations. | No. 12. | No. 14. |
|--------------------|-------------|-------------|
| A.M. | P.M. | A.M. |
| Tweed | Leave 6 20 | Leave 1 30 |
| Stock | Leave 6 30 | Leave 1 40 |
| Larkins | Leave 6 45 | Leave 1 50 |
| Marlbank | Leave 7 00 | Leave 2 05 |
| Kinville | Leave 7 15 | Leave 2 15 |
| Wilton | Leave 7 30 | Leave 2 25 |
| Enterprise | Leave 7 50 | Leave 2 40 |
| Mudlark Bridge | Leave 8 05 | Leave 2 50 |
| Nicow | Leave 8 15 | Leave 2 55 |
| Galtbrath | Leave 8 18 | Leave 3 00 |
| Yarker arrive | Arrive 8 20 | Arrive 3 00 |
| Frontenac | Leave 8 30 | Leave 3 10 |
| Harrowsmith arrive | Arrive 8 40 | Arrive 3 20 |
| Harrowsmith leave | Leave 8 40 | Leave 3 20 |
| Murval | Leave 9 00 | Leave 3 30 |
| Glenvale | Leave 9 00 | Leave 3 35 |
| G. T. R. Junction | Leave 9 00 | Leave 3 45 |
| Kingston | Arrive 9 40 | Arrive 4 05 |

Tweed to Napanee.

| Stations. | No. 2. | No. 4. | No. 6. |
|-----------------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| A.M. | P.M. | A.M. | P.M. |
| Harrowsmith ... leave | Leave 10 32 | Leave 4 32 | Leave 9 10 |
| Frontenac | Leave 10 45 | Leave 5 25 | Leave 10 30 |
| Yarker arrive | Arrive 8 35 | Arrive 3 00 | Arrive 6 05 |
| Camden East | Arrive 8 50 | Arrive 3 13 | Arrive 6 20 |
| Thomson's Mills | Arrive 8 55 | Arrive 3 20 | Arrive 6 25 |
| Newburgh | Arrive 8 58 | Arrive 3 23 | Arrive 6 28 |
| Napanee Mills | Arrive 9 05 | Arrive 3 35 | Arrive 6 35 |
| Napanee ... arrive | Arrive 9 20 | Arrive 3 55 | Arrive 6 55 |

| Stations. | A.M. | P.M. | P.M. |
|--------------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| Frontenac | Leave 10 32 | Leave 4 32 | Leave 9 10 |
| Yarker arrive | Arrive 8 35 | Arrive 3 00 | Arrive 6 05 |
| Camden East | Arrive 8 50 | Arrive 3 13 | Arrive 6 20 |
| Thomson's Mills | Arrive 8 55 | Arrive 3 20 | Arrive 6 25 |
| Newburgh | Arrive 8 58 | Arrive 3 23 | Arrive 6 28 |
| Napanee Mills | Arrive 9 05 | Arrive 3 35 | Arrive 6 35 |
| Napanee ... arrive | Arrive 9 20 | Arrive 3 55 | Arrive 6 55 |

(Trains stop on signal). CONNECTIONS—At Napanee with Grand Trunk Railway East and West. At Tweed with Canadian Pacific Railway. Stage for Madoc and Bridgewater at 7 a.m. At Kingstn with Grand Trunk Railway for all points East and West. Steamers for Care Vincent, Montreal, Thousand Islands River St. Lawrence and all points on the Bay of Quinte. At Harrowsmith with Kingston & Fempke Railway for points North and Ottawa. Stage connections—Camden East for Centreville and Desmond; Yarker for Pitmeadow; Tamworth for Arden, tri-weekly Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

This time table shows the times at which the train may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several stations, but as the punctuality of trains depends on connection with other lines, the arrivals and departures at the time stated are not guaranteed, nor does the Company hold itself responsible for delay or inconvenience arising therefrom.

R. C. CARTER, H. B. SHERWOOD, E. W. RATHBUN,
Assistant Gen. Manager. Supt. and Gen. Pass. Agent. 15y Gen. Manager

TRY

SHOREY'S

25 Cent Tea,

and you will have no other. New customers coming all the time, and still they come and say it is the best they can find anywhere.

Revised Price List.

| | |
|------------------------------------|--------|
| 16 lbs. Nice White Sugar for..... | \$1 00 |
| 13 lbs. Granulated Sugar for..... | 1 00 |
| 4 lbs. No. 1 Japan Tea for..... | 1 00 |
| 3 packages Corn Starch for..... | 25 |
| 3 lbs. good Laundry Starch for.... | 25 |
| 10 cakes Laundry Soap for..... | 25 |
| 7 big cakes Electric Soap for.... | 25 |
| 4 big cakes Yankee Soap for.... | 25 |
| 6 pounds Baking Soda..... | 25 |

One trial of our

Snowdrop Western Flour

will convince you that we keep the best in the market.

Fruits in Season

GLASS FRUIT JARS.

CANNING SUGARS—

Confectionery of all kinds at rock bottom prices for cash. A call solicited.

R. A. SHOREY.

P.S.—Cash paid for Butter and Eggs.

BABY CARRIAGES

AT—

HALF PRICE

We are agents for a manufacturer in above line and have on view a stock of cheap carriages in the store next door to our dry goods store.

Lahey & McKenty.

J. F. SMITH

IS SELLING

Groceries

at prices to suit the times.

FRESH TEAS,

CANNED TOMATOES,

CANNED CORN,

EVAPORATED APPLES.

Sugars, Yellow, Raw, White.

FLOUR and FEED

all at the lowest prices.

Call and see for yourselves.

J. F. SMITH.

Brisco House Block, Napanee.

2 1/2 y

FREE

RUBINSON & CO.

(SUCCESSORS TO DOWNEY & CO.)

THE JUMBO DRESS GOODS HOUSE.

THE JUMBO CLOTHING HOUSE.

THE JUMBO MILLINERY HOUSE.

THE JUMBO MANTLE HOUSE.

DRESS GOODS

A shipment of New Costume Cloths to hand this week bought at a big bargain. These are this season's goods and the very latest styles. Our stock of Dress Goods is simply unapproachable. We guarantee our prices for Dress Goods the lowest in the trade.

Miss Allison, Dressmaker.

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, NOV. 7, 1890.

MARRIAGE LICENSES
Issued by Ogden Hinch at Cheapside, (application strictly private and confidential.)

Canfield Shorey
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
5y Camden East, Ont.

| NOVEMBER | | | | | | |
|----------|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
| 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
| 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 |
| 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 |
| 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 |
| 30 | | | | | | |

G. T. R. TIME TABLE.

| GOING EAST. | GOING WEST. |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| Express..... 1.30 a.m. | Express..... 3.00 a.m. |
| Express..... 11.52 a.m. | Express..... 6.11 a.m. |
| Express..... 1.29 p.m. | Express..... 4.52 p.m. |
| Mixed..... 7.30 a.m. | Mixed..... 10.32 a.m. |
| Mixed..... 8.22 p.m. | Mixed..... 9.40 a.m. |

Club Rates.

We offer the following club rates with THE EXPRESS for the year 1891:

| | |
|---|---------|
| The Weekly Globe..... | \$ 1.75 |
| Mail..... | 1.75 |
| Worlsey..... | 1.75 |
| Star..... | 1.65 |
| Empire..... | 1.65 |
| Live Stock Journal (with balance of year free)..... | 1.75 |

—Bruton for fruit.
—Bruton for confectionery.
—Parties are now becoming quite popular.
—Safe for sale. Apply at THE EXPRESS book-store.

—The Dominion Bank has the water service put in.

—The Kingston Mechanic's Institute is about on its last days.

—The price of coal in Kingston continues steady at \$5.50 per ton.

—The roads are in a very bad state throughout the country.

—Mr. J. A. McKay will move with his family to Odessa next week.

—Wanted, salesmen and ladies at the Napanee Syndicate, Dundas street.

—An account of the Thanksgiving entertainment will appear in our next issue.

—A man brought a load of fish to the market on Thursday. He found a ready sale.

—Several hunting parties have gone into the back township during the past two weeks.

—Hand sleighs are being forth from their summer resort for soon they will be brought into use.

—Hot and cold baths every Friday and Saturday at Central Barber Shop. P. A Scott, Prop. 41cm

—The monument to the late Prof. Green, of Belleville, was unveiled this week in the cemetery there.

—Mr. Thos. Symington is erecting a large barn in the rear of his property on the north side of Dundas street.

—A New York Italian fruit vendor has the following sign displayed over his stand: "Chois Kaliforny Grapes."

—It is stated that a gentleman and lady who are both well known in town will be married at no distant date.

—Catarrh originates in scrofulous taint. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and thus permanently cures catarrh.

PROMPT, POTENT AND PERMANENT result always comes from the use of Milburn's Arromatic Quinine Wine.

—We present our readers this week with a Thanksgiving edition. It contains a large amount of interesting reading matter.

—We will take great pleasure in "taking something" on the invitation of Mr. A. B. McCay, Halk Lake, on the C.P.R. It is a boy.

—The Kingston Whig of Wednesday last contained a large amount of bright Thanksgiving matter. It was an interesting number.

—Last Wednesday's Kingston News came to hand as a double number it being a Thanksgiving edition. It was replete with good reading.

—The front and interior of the west end

JOHN C. HAWL

HAS THE FINEST STOCK OF
BOOTS AND SHOES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN.



He takes the lead for the
BEST GOODS and the LO

Give him a call in t

BUILDING OPERATIONS.—Mr. A. Lalonde is erecting a fine brick house on the west side of Robert street between Dundas and Mill Streets.

TO RENT.—Good general store in the very centre of the town, good stand splendid opening, formerly occupied by A. S. Kimmerly, possession given December 1st. Apply to JOHN BLEWETT.

TWO CENT RATE.—It is announced from Ottawa that the postmaster general is about to adopt a two-cent rate for letters throughout Canada and the United States in place of the present three-cent rate.

SALT RHEUM with its intense itching, dry, hot skin, often broken into painful cracks, and the little watery pimples, often causes indescribable suffering. Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful power over this disease. It purifies the blood and expels the humor, and the skin heals without a scar. Send for book containing many statements of cures, to C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

—Bruton for fruit.

A SURPRISED WORKMAN.—A starting discovery was made when No. 6 combination car, Kingston, Napanee & Western R.R. was examined one day this week at the Deseronto car shop preparatory to repairing it. In the mail department the horrified workmen came upon a human skull stowed away in a corner. Great excitement prevailed until it was found the ghastly relic was the property of a medical student employed as mail clerk, who used it when not engaged in business, to aid him in his scientific researches.

A HIGH TRIBUTE OF WORTH.—The Port Timers say:—Captain Nicholson, of the Norseman, made the Times a farewell call this morning, prior to his departure for Kingston on the steamer. Captain Nicholson has made many friends in Port Hope since being placed in command of the Norseman, and we have no doubt that the successful business done on the boat this season is in a large measure due to his unflinching fidelity to his trust. We look forward to seeing the genial captain in command of a new and better Norseman.

—For a first-class shave and hair cut go to the Central Barber Shop. Royal Hotel Block. 41cm

CARD TO THE PUBLIC.—I beg to announce to my patrons, friends and the public generally that I have decided to discontinue the harness business in Napanee, and I take the present opportunity of extending to them my most hearty thanks for the liberal and generous patronage given me in the past. Changed conditions render this step necessary. Therefore, I propose to clear off my present stock of harness, whips, halters, brushes, curry-combs, etc., at prices that will astonish the public during the next 20 days. I shall feel grateful to those indebted to me for prompt and early settlement of their accounts. Look out for bargains. Geo. W. GOODWIN.

Personal .

—Miss May Perry has gone to Violet to visit friends.

—Mr. A. C. Toiby, of Picton, was visiting friends in Napanee this week.

—Mrs. J. H. Phillips, South Napanee who has been very ill is able to be out again.

—Mrs. D. Eakins, of Belleville, is visiting in town, the guest of Mrs. Sidney Warner.

—Mrs. Duckworth, of Belleville, was in town this week for a few days, the guest of Dr. E. Ming.

—Mr. A. McKechnie, of the Whig job room Kingston, was in town this week calling on friends.

—Mrs. F. Jemmett, of Gananoque, is in town

CLOTHING.

In Clothing we are offering great bargains. Our Imported Scotch Tweed Suit made to order from \$16 up, and our French and English Worsted Suits made to order from \$18 up, cannot be equalled. Mr. Walters guarantees a perfect fit in every case.

Readymade Suits for Men from
\$5 up.

Readymade Suits for Boys from
\$2 up.

Readymade Overcoats for Men
from \$5 up.

Readymade Overcoats for Boys
from \$2.50 up.

The front and interior of the west end store in the Leonard block is being painted preparatory to its being occupied by Mr. A. S. Kimmerly.

Mrs. T. Symington Napanee was appointed superintendent for Lennox and Addington by the W. C. T. U. which met in Kingston last week.

Mr. Jonathan Spry Belleville has this season grown three crops of potatoes on a part of his garden. The third crop was dug on Saturday morning.

An unharnessed horse which made its escape from the Briscoe House yard made things lively on Dundas street for a short time on Wednesday afternoon last.

"When drear November's chilly blasts lay woods and forests bare," Cold in the Head and Catarrh are certain to follow. Nasal Balm is the sovereign remedy. Never fails.

The steamer Norseman last Friday made her last trip of the season to Charlotte. She went to Kingston, where she will be hauled out and largely improved during the winter.

The taking of an inventory of the stock recently purchased by Mr. Odgen Hinshel from P. Slaven & Co. is about completed and it is expected that the store will be opened on Tuesday next.

Owing to unavoidable circumstances Rev. A. B. Chambers was not able to deliver his sermon on the McKinley bill last Sunday evening but will deliver the sermon on Sunday evening next.

Davis is known the whole county over as a first class baker and having the choicest stock of fruit and confectionery to be found in this section. If you want the best of anything in this line call at Davis'.

Hullett is the leading photographer in this district. He always gives the best satisfaction. He has just received a fine stock of plus/minus albums which will be good presents for the holidays. Give him a call.

In the copy of last Friday's Kingston News which came to this office there was a page of a letter which was written by a lady to a lady friend in Kingston named Amey. It probably got folded in by mistake.

Boyle & Son are selling lots of stoves and they sell them right. The Model Wood Cook is giving satisfaction every time, in fact they have not been able to supply them fast enough. Full size Agate pie plates for 15c until they are sold. Six dozen left.

BOYLE & SON.

Parties who contemplate making a Christmas present to their friends could not think of anything better than a live-sized picture. You should leave your orders with Hullett who has great reputation for first class work, and you will be sure of perfect satisfaction. He does them in either oil or ick.

Every where one enquires in Toronto as to who is in reality the producer of the best Art Stained glass in that city. The reply is unanimous in favor of Jos. McCausland & Son. All of the finest residences in Toronto, have delightful examples in some form or other from this firm.

REMEMBERING THE PRINTERS.—We beg to thank Mr. Allen Pringle for some excellent honey, which he brought to us on Wednesday of this week. It is of a first class quality.

FEST OF THE SEASON.—The first snow of the season fell on Sunday night and on Monday morning the ground was covered with "the beautiful." It is needless to say that the small boy was jubilant.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—Mr. D. Ash is in financial difficulty. There will be a sale of household goods and shop fixtures at his residence, Dundas street, on Tuesday, Nov. 11th, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon.

THEIR FIRST MATCH.—The following members of the football club of the Collegiate Institute went to Picton on Thursday to play a match with the club of that place: W. Morden, C. Cox, W. Lochhead, A. Embury, E. Grange, W. Ceates, C. Whelan, W. Exley, J. McCarten, E. Reid, W. Collier.

ROBBERY.—On Monday night last some person gained entrance to Mr. John Fenell's boot and shoe shop, East Napanee, by forcing the front door, and stole some boots which were on display in the window. When the doors were forced in Miss Fenell heard the noise and alarmed her father, but before he could reach the shop the burglars had made their escape with the booty.

magistrate who suggested settlement out of court. The father then demanded an apology from Mr. Linklater, but that gentleman refused. He gave the punishment deliberately and said he would repeat it again under the same circumstances.

SERVICE DISCONTINUED.—Mr. George W. Schryver, who for the past thirty years has been in charge of the G.T.R. pump house, in East Napanee was relieved from further duties on Monday last, the railway company having adopted the water works service, and began on the new system on that day. Mr. Schryver has been a most faithful employee during his term and the railway company have shown their appreciation of his services by transferring him to Brighton, placing him in a similar position but with better surroundings.

ELECTRICITY IN THE CURE OF DISEASES.—Attention is called to the Dorenwend Electric Belt. It is an invention of Mr. C. H. Dorenwend, of Toronto. It is essentially of a battery in a belt, given a current of electricity, which can be regulated by the wearer, and is applied to the diseased parts by attachments. Competent authorities pronounce it to be far ahead of the orthodox method of applying electricity. It can be used by anyone. Send for the book and price lists to the Dorenwend Electric Belt Co., Toronto. See advertisement in another column.

A FREE HOME.—A cottage worth \$750 will be erected, or its equivalent in cash will be given to the person detecting the greatest number of typographical errors in the December issue of our monthly journal entitled "OUR HOMES." Three hundred and fifty additional cash prizes amounting to \$2,300, will also be awarded in the order mentioned in rules governing competition. Prizes payable at par in any part of Canada or the United States. Send 15 cents in stamps, for complete rules and sample copy of "Our Homes," which will be issued about Nov. 20th. Address, OUR HOMES PUBLISHING CO., BROCKVILLE, CANADA.

Central Barber Shop is the nobbiest in town. First-class work guaranteed.

41cm P. A. Scott, Prop.

THE LATEST IN THE PARTY LINE.—Cobweb parties are a pretty form of indoor entertainment. By an obvious connection of ideas the guests are invited to walk into the parlour of their hostess, on a certain evening. The room is a network of fine colored twine, or narrow ribbon may be used with pretty effect. The modern Ariadne and their escorts are decorated with appropriate badges, and the game is to unwind the yards or intertwined leading strings, which are somewhere joined to those of their partners for the supper and dance which may follow. First and "booby" prizes are given to the couple achieving distinction for their ingenuity or the reverse, in getting themselves out of the web.

THE GIVINGS OF THE CHURCH PEOPLE.—A very excellent letter from Ven. Archdeacon Jones of Brockville to the rural and other members of the Church of England upon the paucity of giving has been issued in pamphlet form in response to the request of the Bay of Quinte clerical union. The criticism is not only timely, but well merited by a large proportion, not of this church-going population, not of this church only but of all churches. The chief objection to this letter is that it is not vigorous enough for a cure. A clergyman cannot call a spade a spade on paper, you know. This is unfortunate, because if any person needs a "dig" it is the healthy family of five or six persons who habitually contribute as a total offering five cents per service to the collection plate.

—Mrs. F. Jenmett, of Gananoque, is in town visiting her parents. Mr. Jenmett left this week with a party on a hunting expedition in the rear township.

—Mrs. P. R. McCabe, who has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. H. Philips, South Napanee, and other friends in town, left for her home in Rochester on Friday last.

—We beg to extend our hearty congratulations to Mr. W. H. Perrin, law student in Preston & Ruttan's law office, in having passed the first intermediate law examination recently held in Toronto, heading the list.

—Among those who passed the recent fall professional examinations of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, we notice among the primary list the name of Mr. George Burrows, son of F. Burrows, I.P.S., who stood high on the list. We extend our congratulations. There were fifty candidates in the primary, only twenty of whom passed.

Read these Lines.

1 to 2 bottles of B. B. will cure Headache.
1 to 2 bottles of B. B. will cure Biliousness.
1 to 4 bottles of B. B. will cure Constipation.
1 to 4 bottles of B. B. will cure Dyspepsia.
1 to 6 bottles of B. B. will cure Bad Blood.
1 to 6 bottles of B. B. will cure Scrofula.
In any case relief will be had from the first few doses.

CHURCH NOTES.

PARISH OF ST. MARY MAGDALENE.

Rev. H. Patton, of Deseronto, conducted the service and celebrated Holy Communion last Sunday, the Rector and Mr. Harding acting gospeler and epistolier respectively. Venerable Archdeacon Daykin was to have officiated but was unable to be present. The Rev. Mr. Harding took evensong.

The monthly children's service which was to have been held on Sunday afternoon had to be postponed owing to Mr. Jarvis being unable for the duty; it is expected that it will be held on Sunday next.

The monthly meeting of the guild took place on Tuesday afternoon, the President, Mrs. Stevenson, in the chair. After the office had been said by the warden the usual routine of business was conducted. An important point discussed was the question whether it would not be better for the guild to adopt some definite work which would command the sympathy of all church-workers in the parish rather than allow the funds to be dissipated in meeting a multiplicity of calls more or less pressing. Decision on this question was reserved for the present.

The first reunion of the season will take place in the school room on Tuesday evening next, Nov. 11th. All friends of the church are invited to attend.

Sunday next (xxiiii Sunday after Trinity) there will be an early celebration—matins and evensong as usual.

The church union for young men has reorganized for the season under the presidency of Mr. G. F. Ruttan. Fortnightly meetings for mutual improvement are held regularly.

WESTERN METHODIST CHURCH.

The pulpit of this church will be occupied next Sabbath, morning and evening by Rev. S. Card. The pastor, Rev. C. O. Johnston will be in Picton on that day.

PRESCYTERIAN CHURCH.

Thanksgiving services were held in the Presbyterian church on Thursday, at 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. Appropriate sermons were delivered by the pastor, Rev. A. Young.

EASTERN METHODIST CHURCH.

Rev. A. B. Chambers will occupy his pulpit next Sunday both morning and evening. It is the regular quarterly service: Love feast at 9.30 a.m., public service at 10.45 followed by communion service. The Sabbath school which is held after the morning service has been withdrawn. Evening service at 7 o'clock.

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Do not fail to give us a call. No trouble to Show Goods.

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THE POPULAR DRY GOODS HOUSE

he LARGEST STOCK, the LOWEST PRICES.

1 the Rennie Block.

Mrs. Gazzam—I see in the newspaper a paragraph which says that a Chicago publishing house advertises a book on stenography as "the system adopted by the Recording Angel."

Gazzam—Then that explains it. I have often wondered how the Recording Angel kept track of all Chicago sinners.—Ex.

It is said of the eight hundred convicts in the Kansas Penitentiary that not one is an editor. But just wait till the poorhouse statistics are published.—Marion (Kan.) Record.

Mrs. Riverside Rives (nee Cleever)—You don't mean to tell me that Stuyvesant Van Kinckern is really engaged to that Miss Brown? I wonder at his taste—a girl of absolutely no family.

—After diphtheria, scarlet fever, or pneumonia, Hood's Sarsaparilla will give strength to the system, and expel all poison from the blood.

Mr. Rives—That is very true, dear; but you know she is really very pretty; and as for family, perhaps your paper might remedy that. I believe he used to advertise "families supplied."—Exchange.

Minister's wife (Sunday morning)—It is possible, my dear, that after all you have said about Sunday newspaper, you are reading one?

Minister (very much hurt)—You ought to know better than that, Maria; this is last evening's paper.—The Epoch.

Secrets of Greatness.—Ambitious Youth: Father, I am unwilling to go through life a nobody. I wish to leave a name. I long to breath the sweet atmosphere of fame. I am resolved to become great. Will you advise me?

Wish Father—With pleasure. foundation of greatness is a good education.

Ambition Youth—I am laying it.

Wise Father—Next, you need industry and good habits.

Ambitious Youth—Yes. What else?

Wise Father—Always be polite to newspaper men.—Good News.

—Wheezing and snuffles in children can be instantly relieved by the use of Nasal Balm. Why let the little one suffer when such cheap and sure cure can be had? Try it.

Selfish Christians.

At St. Andrew's, Ottawa, on Sunday morning last, Rev. W. T. Herridge dealt some stinging blows at what he termed the selfish Christians who lived right not because it was right but in the mere hope of future salvation. If Christianity were so selfish it would not be a desirable religion, and he who lived right just for the sake of the sugar plums of the next world was a disgraceful Christian. He tried to show that we should live a Christ-like life on earth for the sake of the worthiness of its actions its beauty and its broad love for humanity. Future rewards should have no bearing on a man's actions. In strong terms the reverend gentleman rebuked the many Christians who selfishly lived to the sole end that they should inherit a mansion in the skies, with an outlook over the streets paved with gold.

So SAY ALL.—THAT MINARD'S LINIMENT is the standard liniment of the day, as it does just what it is represented to do.

Miss Ellen R. Singla, of Ninette, Man., writes that she has used B.B.C. Bitters for loss of appetite and head ache with the greatest benefit and heartily recommends it. Her experience is shared by thousands. B.B.C. is specific for headache.

Danger, perhaps death, lurks in a neglected case of cold in the head. Why run any risk when Nasal Balm will instant-

Special drives in Lace Curtains.

Rare bargains in Sheetings.

Great value in Underwear.

The best styles and fabrics in Dress Goods.

The finest range of Dress Trimmings.

Handsome things in Mantle Goods, cheap.

Unequalled value in Hosiery.

A magnificent stock of Shawls.

A fine stock of Ladies' Ulsters, \$2.50 up.

Clothing! Clothing!

Overcoats and Suits for Men.

Overcoats and Suits for Boys.

The Largest and Finest Stock.

Every Garment a Bargain.

LAHEY & MCKENTY
RENNIE BLOCK

Gananoque.

Miss Edna Grant has returned home from a long visit to Oswego and Syracuse.

Miss F. H. B. English, sister of the Principal of Hollinwood College, London, is in Gananoque visiting Miss Edith McCammon.

Mr. F. Jemmet, manager of the Merchants Bank has gone for a two weeks' deer hunt. His place in the Bank will be taken by Mr. Waterbury, of Kingston.

An attempt was made a few nights ago to burglarize the jewelry store of Mr. C. W. Lare. The door was pried open, but evidently the thieves were frightened away, as they did not go inside.

A young man living in the east end a few nights ago was aroused from his slumbers by what he, in his drowsy condition, took for a fire alarm. Hurriedly dressing he rushed out of the house to find the 'alarm' was the bell on a cow, feeding near by.

Kingston.

Mayor Drennan is out for a second term. There is said to be a dark horse in the field.

Phosphate is pouring into the city in large quantities and transhipped into barges for Montreal.

A little girl fell off a farmer's wagon in the market square on Tuesday and broke two ribs.

A. E. Lavelle worthily represented Queen's at Trinity college dinner in Toronto last week.

The good looking teller of one of the banks was nearly paralyzed a day or two ago. A lady called and presented a check

Morven.

Quarley service was held in the White church last Sunday, but was not as well attended as it might have been.

The funeral of Mr. David Parks took place in the afternoon. The Rev. Mr. Jewell officiated. The train kept a good number from attending.

Our cheese factory closed up last Saturday. I suppose the milk-drawers are not the least bit sorry.

Miss Phippen has been re-engaged as teacher at Morven.

There is some talk of changing the superintendent of the Sabbath School. Mr. Davey wishes to resign.

The mischievous boys were at their usual pranks last Friday evening.

Parties are all the rage now. One was held in the other neighborhood on Thursday of last week. It has been reported that the horses laughed until they shook their harness off. The people inside must have had an hilarious time. The young folks around home were not made of good enough stuff to suit Sweetlips, so he went to Bath, Hawley, Hamburg, Big Creek, Little Creek and Napane to pick his company. It seems he could not get the required number of young folks, so he called in the aid of a few married ones. We understand the young ladies of Morven were asked, but the boys were not. Sweetlips evidently longed for the ladies—to stay at home—as he provided no means for their getting to the party and consequently they could not go. He thought he would snob the boys by leaving them home, but in this he was sadly amiss. At any rate they did not take it to heart so much as to

pass by during the night, but by a second thought one said, "Why don't you know last night was Hallowe'en?" "Yes, I bet you the boys were around, boys are boys yet, yes, and will be, we were boys ourselves once. That settled the matter.

Adolphustown.

Mr. Editor, as I have not seen much of our news in your paper I thought I would send you a few lines.

Parties are all the go again.

Mr. Thomas Butler had a large dance last Tuesday night which went off well, lasting till four o'clock in the morning.

Mrs. T. Butler has received as a present a handsome silver watch.

Rumor says that Joseph E. Pollard is going to take a wife. We wish him and his life partner good luck.

Boys be good to your girls, there are some dudes coming this way.

Misa G. Pollard is spending a week with Mr. Johnson Hawley, Greenbay.

Farmers of this vicinity have been doing their ploughing.

Rumor says that there is to be a dance every Friday night at the Windsor, 25 cents a bid.

Mr. Wilson, M. P., gave a lecture in the Town Hall, Adolphustown, Oct. 31st.

Mr. Andrew Airhart is soon to take a wife.

The cheese factory closed on Saturday last.

There is to be an oyster supper at the Windsor on Tuesday (Nov. 4th).

Mr. E. Butler moves this week.

Belleville.

neglected case of cold in the head. Why run any risk when Nasal Balm will instantly relieve and thoroughly cure you.

RHEUMATISM is undoubtedly caused by lactic acid in the blood. This acid attacks the fibrous tissues, and causes the pains and aches in the back, shoulders, knees, ankles, hips and wrists. Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a positive cure for rheumatism. This medicine, by its purifying action, neutralizes the acidity of the blood, and also builds up and strengthens the whole body.

—Bruton for confectionery.

SICK HEADACHE caused by the excess of bile or a disordered stomach is promptly relieved by using National Pills.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures Catarrh by expelling impurity from the blood, which is the cause of the complaint. Give it a trial.

A Remarkable Case.

One of the most remarkable cases of mistaken identity has come to light in Hamilton this week. About eleven weeks ago John Croft, a married man, living at 26 Margaret street, left the city to obtain employment. The family did not hear from him, and believe that he had got work in St. Thomas. Near two weeks ago they were shocked to hear that a man, having a strong resemblance to John Croft, had died suddenly in a St. Thomas hotel. The deceased had been known as Stewart, but the description given him created a belief in their minds that it was John Croft who was dead. For several days there was much examining done. James Taylor, L. L. Irving, Mrs. Win. Monck, Wm. Monck, Mrs. Croft and Miss May Croft, all journeyed to St. Thomas at different times and inspected the remains, but none of them seemed altogether convinced that the remains they saw were those of John Croft. On the other hand a St. Thomas policeman and others who had known Croft for years positively identified deceased as Croft. Upon the top of this certainly came the exact correspondence of several marks known to be carried by Croft with those found on the body of the deceased. The marks, etc., on deceased which corresponded exactly with known marks on the body of John Croft were: —A scar on the back of his neck; a scar on his crown of the head, caused by an old scalp wound; a scar on the calf of the left leg; two of the left ribs had been broken; three broken teeth; besides a similarity in build and height. This settled the matter, and the supposed John Croft was brought to the city and buried by Court Hamilton, I. O. F., of which Croft was a member.

Now it appears that all these marks were misleading and the real John Croft is alive and well in London, Ont. Mrs. Croft last night received a telegram from Albert McMullen, a relative residing in London that her husband was with him and well and hearty. Mr. McMullen this morning further advised her in the matter and asked her to come and meet him, as he did not care to come to Hamilton under the peculiar circumstances. Up to within a few days ago Croft, it appears, was working in the States and knew nothing of his demise and burial until his employer showed him some newspaper items telling of the circumstances. Croft at once started for Canada, but when at London stopped with the relatives, Mr. McMullen, for the reasons stated. Mr. and Miss Croft went to London this morning to meet the lost one.

—Bruton for fruit.

PAINFUL BURNS, bruises, scalds and cuts are quickly soothed and healed by Victoria Carbolic Salve.

ago. A lady called and presented a check to be cashed. As she was a perfect stranger he said very politely, "Madam, you will have to bring somebody to introduce you before we can cash this cheque." Drawing herself up quite haughtily she said freezingly, "But I do not wish to know you, sir!"

The funeral of the late lamented Mr. Percy Clarke, whose sudden death occurred on Friday, took place on Sunday and was largely attended. Many friends and acquaintances and the members of the A. O. U. W., of which the deceased gentleman was a prominent member, were there so that the cortège was a large one and plainly showed in what high esteem Mr. Clarke was held by all creeds and classes.

A sad drowning accident occurred on Thursday night last near the foot of Wolfe Island. Henry Livingston, a farmer, who resides on Hickory Island, was a passenger on the steamer Princess Louise that day. He had been in the city and had made several purchases of goods of a more or less bulky character. When the steamer was opposite the foot of the island these were put in a skiff and he shoved off to row home. This was about 6:30 o'clock and rain and sleet were falling quite heavily, indeed the weather was so rough that several of the hands on the boat tried to persuade Livingston not to go. He insisted, however, and it is supposed in the storm and darkness he lost his way, and the boat capsized from the weight of the goods in it. Residents on the island heard cries as late as 9:30 o'clock that night, but did not think enough about the matter to investigate. The drowned man was well known and respected.

On Friday evening last an accident, which might have been attended with fatal results, occurred at the house of Mrs. Ohike, on Wellington street. Mrs. Ohike and her three young children were indulging in the time honored nut, apple and other amusements of Hallowe'en, when one of the little ones pulled down the coal oil lamp in the centre of the group, and immediately the carpet was in a blaze. Mrs. Ohike, who is naturally a nervous lady, showed great presence of mind and courage, for, seizing the lamp, she rushed with it blazing into the next room, where there was a sink, into which she dashed it, calling for her husband at the same time. Mr. Ohike at once appeared on the scene, and at the cost of a couple of tablecloths extinguished the flames. The complete escape of the children was most miraculous, not one of them being even scorched, although the burning lamp fell right in their midst.

they did not take it to heart so much as to follow the crowd around that night to see where the party was to be.

Now, Mr. Editor, if any one asks you who wrote this tell them that it was one who was highly honored by being left at home last Thursday.

Gull Creek.

Mr. Editor,

When winter's wasting storms arise

How changed a scene does Nature show! The place, where flowers of brightest dyes And sweetest odor grew, there lies

To day, in a shroud of snow.

But this is only a warning for all interested to prepare for stern winter ere long shall prevail.

There are some that are glad to see this snow, the Nimrods, who will take advantage of it to track their prey, yet there are many whose delight is not inclined that way, who would be glad for the finer season with which we have been greatly blessed recent to continue for a while longer, for they have much to do to prepare before winter winds pervade the turbid air.

The people complain that their potatoes are affected by the rot. In some places it is very bad; that isn't low lands, yet why will a man murmur?

The term for the P. S. in Sec. No. 11, for this season closed on Tuesday. From then until next April is a long time for the pupils to be deprived of school.

There is to be an apple-cut to night (Monday) at Mrs. Robt. Kirkpatrick's. The youngsters anticipate a good time.

A man passed through this place last week with a gray mare and her foal. He had walked from Fredericton, New Brunswick and had been on the road since July. He did not ride but travelled ahead and the mare and foal followed him like two dogs. He gave his name as Samuel Miles and was making his way in a destitute condition towards Watertown above Toronto. He appeared to have seen better times and was very grateful for every kindness.

Last Friday night was Hallowe'en, but some of us never had a thought about it until Saturday morning, when, on our return we discovered what had transpired through the night. It surprised us to see a big heavy gate taken away from its posts and carried about ten or twelve rods uphill, also plow which was not very light was found amidst the branches of a tree, like Zach of old, only with this variation, this tree was oak and not sycamore. I was told that the roof of a small house which was vacant was partly lifted up. Some one was ready to suggest that a cyclone had

Belleville.

The license permitted the city to run a ferry between the city and Rossmore, in Prince Edward county, has been received by the City Clerk. The license extends from Oct. 14th, the present year, to June 1st 1891.

Rev. Dr. George of John street Presbyterian church, and Rev. J. T. Edmon Holloway street Methodist church, exchanged bulpus Sunday morning.

A team of horses belonging to Messrs. Lake & Jenkins, and attached to a hack, ran away from the station the other evening at 6 o'clock. They went down street at great speed and in turning the corner of Front and Bridge street collided with a gas lamp, breaking it. They went to the firm's stables. The damage done was slight.

Miss May Clarke sang in Victoria Hall Toronto, last week in aid of the German Lutheran Church, Joggendverein. Saturday night says: quite an array of talent took part.

Miss Nellie Root, the bright and happy faced little girl who everybody has seen as she dexterously guided her tricycle down the street, flying has gone to Toronto to be treated by a specialist for her foot. The first operation was performed on Friday night last.

A gentleman from North Hastings was in town on Monday and says that he sold six deer to a Belleville hunting party who recently returned from there. The question now is, which party did he sell them to? As only one party brought six deer home, it is natural to suppose that they were the successful purchasers. Another strange feature is that the deer were filled with buckshot—the kind usually used by inhabitants—while the hunters had only rifles.

Mrs. Walter Strong and her daughter were driving up Front street, seated in a two wheeled vehicle, when it attempted to cross the street in front of Mr. Dunnett's store, the conveyance was overturned and the ladies were thrown out. The pony attempted to run away but was captured before it had proceeded many steps. Mrs. Strong received a cut over the eye and also upon her lip. One of the shafts were broken.

The case against J. and Henry Rathbun, of the ferry Alberta, and one Powlis, owner of the Indian Reserve ferry, was dismissed by magistrate Flint on the ground that he had no jurisdiction, and that action for a penalty should be brought in a civil court. The defendants were charged with running their ferry at Deseronto without proper master's certificates.

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ARE OFFERING BIG BARGAINS IN

Men's Youth's & Boy's Readymade Overcoats

We are opening this week a special purchase of **TWEEDS** and **OVERCOATINGS**, bought from a Toronto Wholesale Firm, who are retiring from business.

We can save you from 2 to 4 dollars on a **SUIT** or **OVER-COAT** made from those Goods.

CALL AND SEE US BEFORE ORDERING.

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